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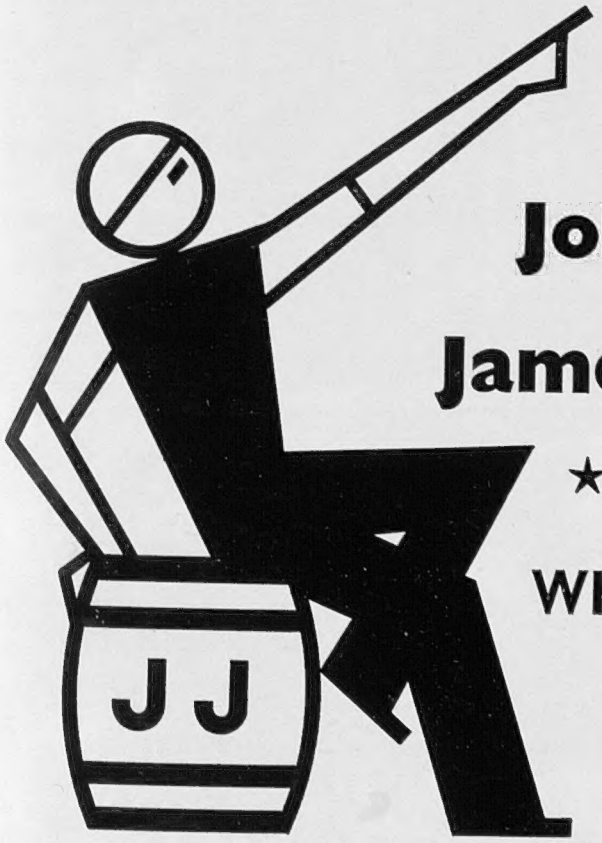

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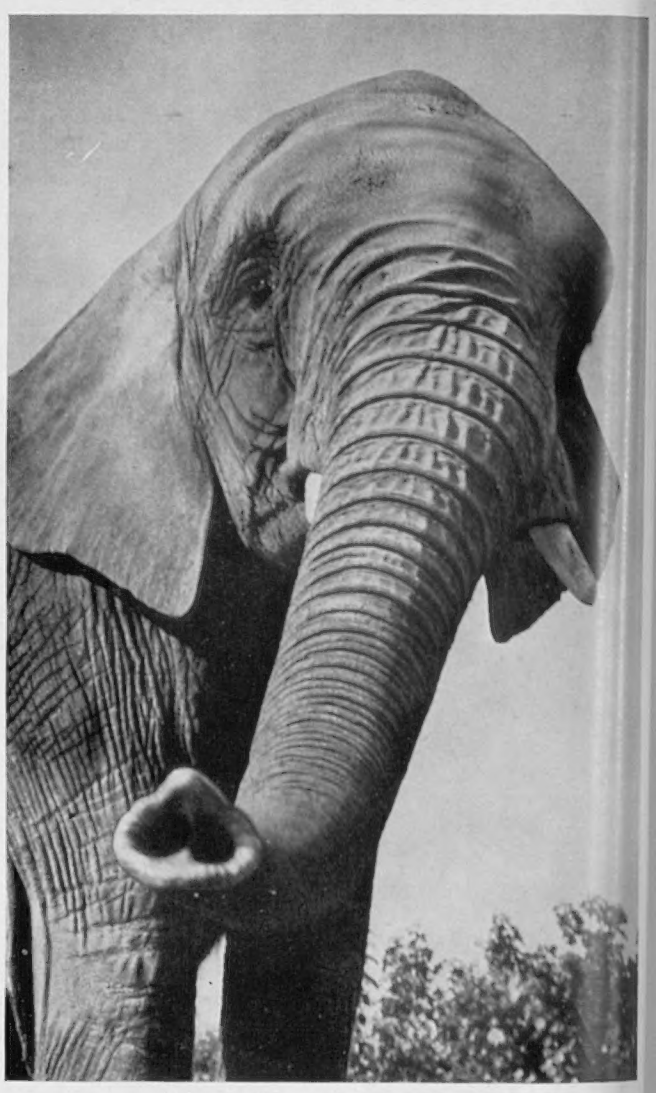

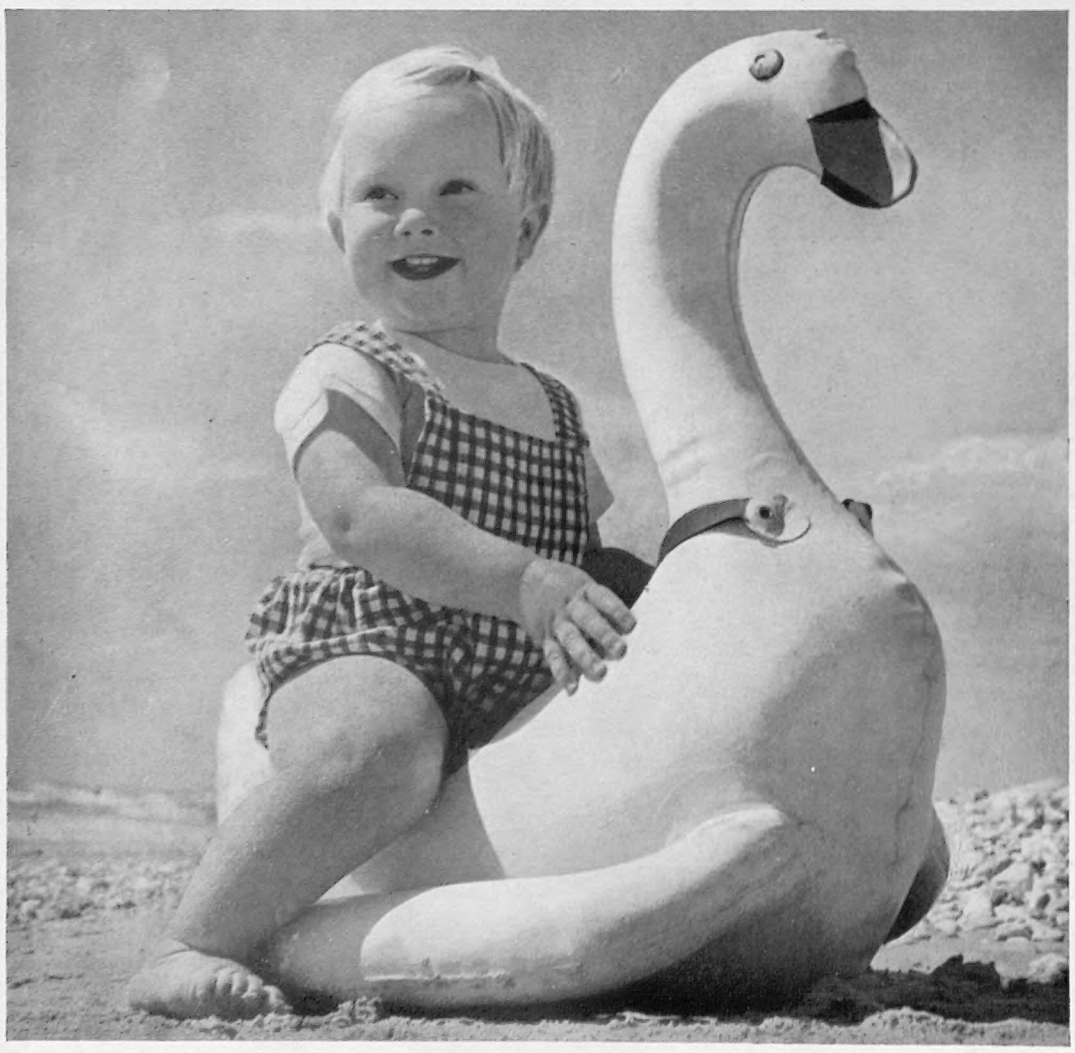

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Volume CCXVIII No. 2839 The SPHERE, London, July 10, 1954

The SPHERE

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THE FINALS AT WIMBLEDON—MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY AND MISS LOUISE BROUGH ENTER THE CENTRE COURT : The two American players carrying their bouquets on to the Centre Court before playing the final of the Ladies' Singles. Miss Connolly (right) won the title for the third year in succession, beating Miss Brough 6—2, 7—5. It was a remarkable achievement on the part of the nineteen-year-old girl ; Miss Brough played exceedingly well to take seven games in the match.

Maureen Connolly confirmed her already strong claim to the halls of tennis fame when she completed a hat-trick of wins in the Ladies' Singles Championships at Wimbledon last week. She has achieved this distinction at the phenomenal age of nineteen and, what is more, she never looked like missing it. Other champions have won the title three years running, and it was fitting that one of them, Miss Louise Brough, who won in 1948-49-50, should be her opponent on this occasion. But none have displayed their brilliance at Miss Connolly's early age, and none, perhaps, have produced so consistently the sheer power of strokes which have, in a way, transformed the woman's game to-day. In this year's final Miss Connolly started nervously, but eventually, despite Miss Brough's cheerful gameness, she overwhelmed her opponent by her speed and determined power. The final was the climax to a year during which the champion may be said to have moved from world supremacy to greatness. (Further pictures from Wimbledon appear on pages 68-69.)

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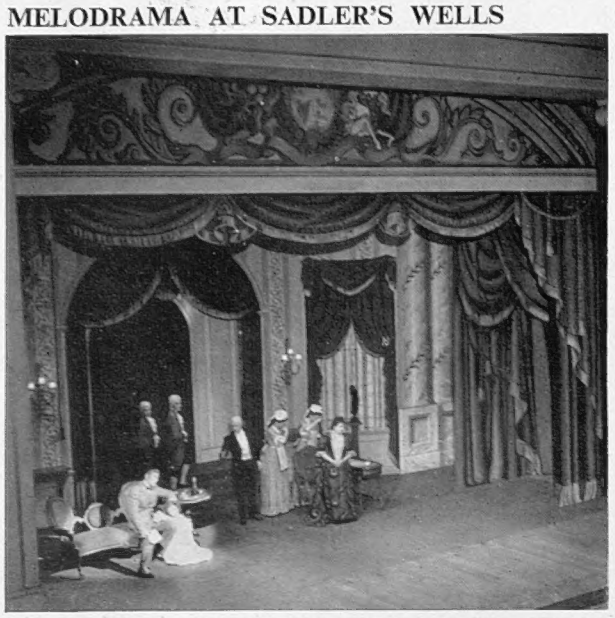
MELODRAMA AT SADLER'S WELLS



"EAST LYNNE"—A SCENE FROM THE MELODRAMA ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL BY MRS. HENRY WOOD : The scene here is the drawing-room at East Lynne House, and the main characters, from left to right, are : Archibald Carlyle, played by James Carney ; Little Willie, played by Margaret McCourt ; Derek Oldham in the part of Lord Mount Severn ; Wilson and Joyce, the twin parlourmaids, played by Molly and Nancy Munks ; and Miss Cornelia, played by Joan Young. The piece is adapted from Mrs. Henry Wood's novel by Edgar K. Bruce, who also produced the play and takes the part of Sir Francis Levison, the villain. Mr. Bruce's adaptation gives the actresses and actors many opportunities to air their histrionic prowess, but it is a burlesque on a melodrama rather than the straightforward dramatic play so popular in Victorian times. The songs and burlesques are well executed.

NEARING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH : Rosalind Fuller, as the heroine, strenuously pleads with Sir Francis Levison, the villain, played by Edgar K. Bruce, who is also the producer.

THE VILLAIN, HERO, HEROINE AND LITTLE WILLIE : This scene from the play is called "A Serpent in the Garden of Eden." Although little of the original story of *East Lynne* survives the adaptation, the play makes for a lively and most amusing evening's entertainment.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

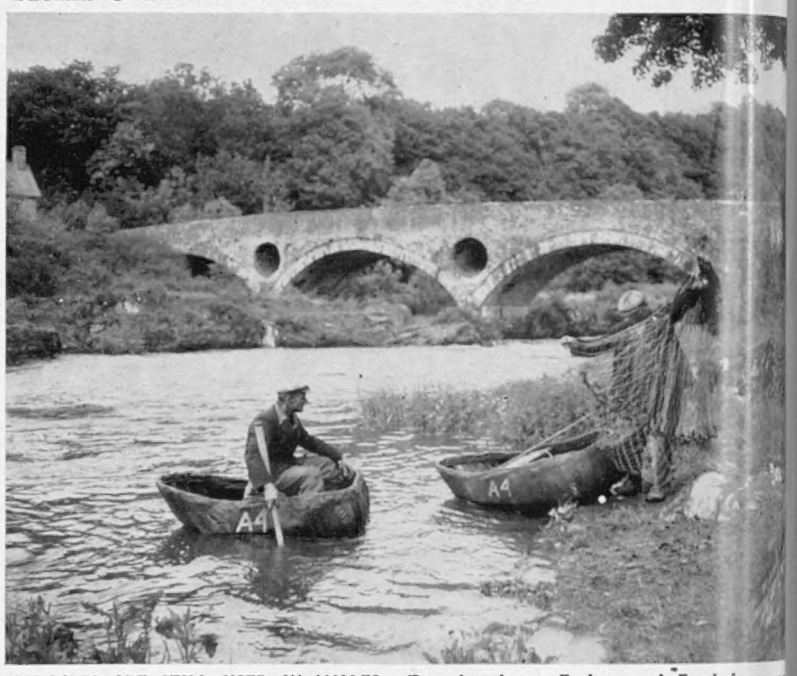
A Democratic King.—A State visit to Britain follows a cast-iron pattern. For the Swedish visit every detail of the programme was precisely the same as in Edwardian days. The King and Queen of Sweden's visit was the first of this reign and the visitors proved very popular. The King's voice is strong, and his English as perfect as any foreigner but a Spaniard can attain. Naturally, he knows England well and has married two English wives, Princess Margaret of Connaught and Lady Louise Mountbatten, sister of Lord Mountbatten and aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh. He is indeed a democratic sovereign. For one thing he is an uncrowned King in a country whose constitution still leaves to the sovereign many powers to *rule*. King Gustav has preferred service to the exercise of power and privilege. He does not care for the pomp of sovereignty, and both as King and Crown Prince his interpretation of the duties and responsibilities of a modern democratic King has cut the ground from under republicanism, which was, years ago, very strong in Sweden. He went so far as to serve apprenticeship in some public office in each of his provinces. He is a very genuine man, a scholar, archæologist and collector. Much was said in the exchange of royal speeches of the 300-year-old Treaty of Friendship (1654) between our two countries. For 300 years it has enabled us to trade with mutual profit in war and peace, good times and bad. It has helped us to keep friendly in times of embarrassment. Sweden's history in the past 140 years is the story of a fortunate neutrality, ours very often the reverse. The unlucky usually feel envy of the lucky. We, I think, have never long blamed Sweden for her good fortune, the fruit of geography and shrewdness. As the nations go to-day, she is certainly rarely and happily isolated. With us she has ties which are strong, and even in the bitterest of the war years mutual trading was not totally interrupted. The good will of her citizens towards us I have recently seen for myself. A more hospitable, friendly people do not exist. If you visit Sweden you will be banquetted and flattered and oratorised, as never before, and nowhere else, in their lovely capital and forests.

Success of a Mission ?—The voice that breathed o'er Eden when he landed in America was, from one or two quarters, distinctly chilly. Sir Winston Churchill was received as the Grand Old Man, Mr. Eden found himself in the unusual role of suspect, even to the State Department. Myself, I take comfort from the recent recollections of a dozen major conferences, called "of world importance," which opened in hope and sunshine and ended in smoke and fog. Our statesmen are home again, the report of their conversations with the President and others is as hopeful and colourless as always, before the bones and beak of business done are separated from the corpus ; we must wait and see. The Grand Old Man deserves our unstinted praise, and America's, for making the arduous trip, and Mr. Eden, before he left, had received in the Commons, at a time of bitter disunion, almost unanimous praise for his efforts at Geneva and for the speech which so shocked half America. We may feel quite sure that some of his responsible critics, before he left America, corrected their first opinions of the meaning of his words. At any rate, they must, on second thoughts, have admitted poetic justice in their charge, if established, that America was not consulted before he made his proposals for a South-East Asian Locarno. The State Department is not blameless in failure to consult with our Government before issuing statements of policy affecting both nations and the Western bloc. I am sure the mission did some good and no sort of harm.

Charter on Charter.—The Big Two have superimposed a six-point charter on the Atlantic Charter—the Potomac. Sir Winston told America, as he left for Canada, that he had never enjoyed a high-level conference so much or attended one more fruitful. May we see and enjoy those fruits in our time ! The Potomac cocktail is comprised of six stimulants :—(1) World peace based on Atlantic Charter ; (2) Friendship to all nations which show they want peace ; (3) Independence for all nations who want it and can use it well ; (4) Disarmament with safeguards and the right use of nuclear power ; (5) Support for defence associations of nations made, or to be made, in the spirit of the Charter ; (6) Continued development of military and economic strength to carry out these purposes. The Potomac seems to be the mixture as before under a new name. But even for charters and cocktails, the ingredients are limited. Two men can lead a third to the cocktail bar but twenty can't make him drink. But let us hope. The drinks are on the English-speaking house, and the joint licensees are united in benevolence and hospitality. Let all the nations pledge each other in a Potomac.

Death Duties.—We may be fairly safe in prophesying that the incidence of estate duties at death is safe from further increase. The cynic may add that there is nothing more for the State to grab. Be that as it may, the Chatsworth affair has brought up this question of death duties and of the liquidation of big owners of great houses and large acreage in a generation, and people of every political colour have recently pronounced upon it or issued second thoughts. Mr. Butler has concerned himself not with the tangible treasures dispersed, but with the deplorable loss of intangible treasures, when an ancient family which for centuries practised, in the main, *noblesse oblige* is banished from the centre of its influence on the life and manners of its neighbourhood. Local opinion nearly always has agreed with Mr. Butler in voicing these regrets. Long since, in the case of great landlords, the privileges, patronage, and other sweets of hereditary possession disappeared and only the hard way of exercising his responsibilities remained to distinguish the good landlord, and to reward him with his tenants' respect and affection. Certainly *that* form of privilege (the duty without the sweets of the trust) was a GOOD THING for all concerned and deserved to be preserved, as an example and an influence, as a living and new definition of *noblesse oblige* and, indeed, of every citizen's duty and responsibility to his neighbour in a modern democracy, if that democracy is to succeed. And now we find such men as Mr. Dalton and Mr. Gaitskell thinking again and coming out in favour (for various reasons) of a gentler treatment by the Exchequer of estates passing at death. And if the "family" is the essential basis and structure of a nation (and this is a pundit's bromide on every political tab), it does seem rather illogical to exterminate families with a good record of public service and responsibility as if they were rats.

FISHING FROM CORACLES IN WALES



CORACLES ARE STILL USED IN WALES : Two brothers, Emlyn and Fred Jones, are seen preparing to set off down the River Tivy, at Cenarth, in Wales, to fish salmon fishing. For this, the Welsh fishermen go out in pairs, each in a coracle, floating down-stream dragging a net between them. The salmon are caught as they make their way up-stream to the spawning-grounds. The coracle, the oldest form of water transport still in use, is often seen in Wales.

Noise.—Londoners have been complaining about the noise of helicopters landing on the South Bank site. They hear it above the noises with which they are all too familiar. "Progress" is a noisy business. As a man grows older, he usually feels less enthusiastic about progress and longs for peace in his time. I take it it is the older men who complain of helicopter noises, and the younger who rejoice in "progress" in London transport. But among these older men must be many who threw their hats in the air when the early triumphs of aviation opened the door wide to our island and to noise. (*Tu l'as voulu*, you cuckoo !) However, I sympathise with them, though for one I saw further than they and threw no boater into the air in the Edwardian age. As for the young, I am quite sure they don't abhor noise as we elderly men do. Natural evolution protects the race from new dangers and stresses, and the young are as deaf to constant screeching as to paternal advice. I live in an area still remarkably free from noises louder than a woodpigeon's call, and our silence frightens and disturbs our week-end guests. They are happier when a very occasional jet screams overhead. But our resident young must have noise and all day long, from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., the B.B.C.'s buzz-box is full on, discharging its religion, its uplift and its drivel, in the gardener's cottage and the servants' sitting-room, and even

the drawing-room at week-ends the knob is forever being twisted. The helicopter nuisance must be settled in a battle of youth and age and, I fancy, whatever the statistics of age groups in Central London, youth will win and the counsel of the old men be rejected. Progress is noisy and progress is irresistible. Louder, still, and louder . . . God, who made us noisy, make us noisier still. That is the B.B.C.'s policy and ideal. Even a straight play must be drowned in noisy incidental music, and its music-hall wit is (perhaps mercifully) lost in the crash and screams of intolerable chords.

The Fellowship of Games.—International understanding and fellowship is an ideal of all men on our troubled and unhappy globe. How better to seek its attainment than in mingling the nations in friendly rivalry in sport and games? The Russians row at Henley, the courts at Wimbledon are polyglot, the Pakistani draw crowds and cheers at Nottingham, the nations throng our golf courses, and the stadiums and race tracks of the world are open to all. No doubt, partisanship leads to bitter words and rivalry sometimes ends in blows, even in cricket. But football seems to stand unrivalled as a heady game and as an exception to the theory that the peace of the world can be ultimately secured through the fellowship of sport. Britain taught the nations some of these games and long ruled the waves. Now we take a lower place in many of them, but if our goal average is sadly low in international football, our record of casualties inflicted on our rivals with stones, bottles and blunt instruments, is commendably lower. Indeed, British players and partisans in international football are right at the bottom of the table; and that is very right. And peace through joy is still an unattained ideal. But, of course, football is a religion, and religion has proved a Number One trouble-maker in world history. Perhaps sports which are religious should be barred in international sporting competitions until all the nations accept the principle that goals and not referees should be shot at.

English Captain.—It would probably annoy Mr. D. S. Sheppard if he were to read my considered opinion of his face. I have seldom seen a more attractive, open and charming face, and all I hear of Mr. Sheppard in my own county confirms my opinion that it is a *speaking* face. And now he has captained England in a Test Match at a very early age, directing the talents of veterans. He is reading theology with a view to taking orders, and it seems that he has been granted exemption in order to play cricket this summer in England without restriction. I feel sure that Mr. Sheppard (and his face) is wanted in the Church as soon as may be, and I am in a dilemma concerning the granting of him of a still longer exemption from his studies in theology, which would enable him to qualify at least for selection (as Captain or member of the team) for the Tests in Australia this winter. Cricket or religion? For some, of course, cricket is a religion. Would they otherwise go off the deep end about the choice of Captain or a bowler or batsman, for a mere game? And religion is certainly "playing cricket," and if I rightly read Mr. Sheppard's face, he plays cricket. His testimonials and averages confirm it.

Shot in a Bus.—Year after year we read of death and injury from shotguns carelessly used. The latest appalling instance comes from my own county and area. A man had been shooting rabbits and ran with his loaded gun to catch his bus. It was a hammer gun. He dropped it on the floor of the bus while lighting a cigarette. It went off and several passengers, including two children, were wounded. The ignorance and carelessness shown by men who carry and use guns have long been notorious. In old days, no wise father allowed his boy to carry a loaded gun until he had passed a stern apprenticeship in the duties and the art of handling it *unloaded*. For years since, it has been go-as-you-please. A gun, like a car, is a dangerous, death-dealing instrument. A car is recognized as such, and a test is insisted on before a licence is granted. "Any fool" can take out a licence for a shotgun, and many thousands use one without a licence. It is an extraordinary and illogical anomaly that no such test has ever been required for a gun-licence; moreover, permits for small rifles are much too freely granted by the police in southern counties which are utterly unsuited to the use of any form of rifle. As a result, major tragedies have occurred and no steps have been taken to restrict the use of rifles or to impose a test for a gun-licence. No one who has observed a farmer's shoot in progress can shut his eyes to the danger to human life when twenty "scratch" guns collect together to "thin out the deer." They shoot at any creature in sight from any angle and any distance, and the humans are lucky if they escape the lingering death meted out to wild animals. Often enough, even now, a loaded gun is hung on a nail in a farmhouse kitchen.

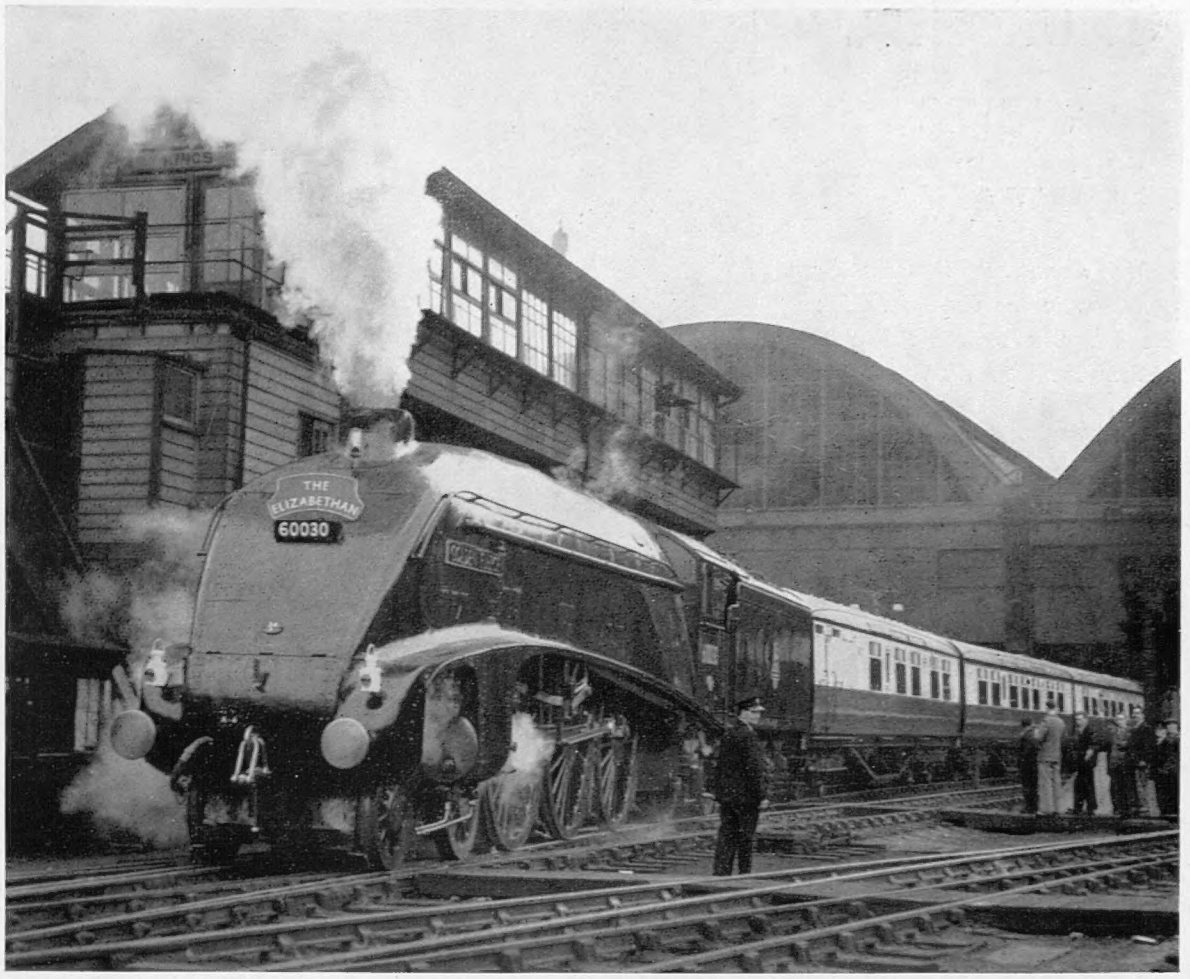
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

AN EDINBURGH CENTENARY

Drawings by John Mackay Commemorate the Centenary of the Royal Scottish Museum.

THE START OF A RECORD RUN TO EDINBURGH



HEADING FOR THE NORTH—THE "ELIZABETHAN" LEAVING KING'S CROSS AT THE START OF A RECORD RUN TO EDINBURGH: The journey to Edinburgh, the first of the summer season, was made in the record time of 6 hrs. 30 mins., the train arriving at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, three minutes ahead of schedule. The *Elizabethan* is now the first train to undertake a daily scheduled non-stop journey of roughly 400 miles at an average speed of over 60 m.p.h. The record was achieved in spite of many difficulties, for much of the main line from King's Cross is at present under repair, and at Potter's Bar the line is being relaid and the station rebuilt. The driver of the engine carried with him 160 pages of instructions, containing such things as temporary speed restrictions and signal alterations. The restrictions were so many that at one point the train was seven minutes behind schedule, and even at Newcastle was four minutes late. Despite these restrictions, very high speeds were reached in places, the highest being 85 m.p.h. between Hitchin and Huntingdon. During the journey 9 tons of coal were burnt and some 5,000 gallons of water used. The *Elizabethan* service was inaugurated last year to mark the Coronation. Before the war the *Coronation Scot* train used to do the same journey in six hours, but carried only a limited load, whereas the *Elizabethan* is not restricted.

THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SWANSEA AND MUMBLES LINE

THE SWANSEA AND MUMBLES RAILWAY CELEBRATIONS—AN OLD ENGINE AND AN EQUALLY OLD CARRIAGE WHICH WERE USED DURING THE CEREMONIES: The 150th anniversary celebrations of the oldest passenger railway in the world were attended by Mr. Lennox Boyd, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, who flew to Swansea for the event. First in the procession of old engines and carriages along the route was a replica of the old Simon Llewellyn car of 1819, which was drawn by a horse. On board the coach were Major C. G. Traherne, the Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, and Mr. T. S. Harris, the Mayor of Swansea. Then came the old steam engine seen above, pulling a carriage with an open top, in which travelled women wearing the costumes of that period. At one point a villager came with a bucket, to collect some hot water from the engine, a common event in the days when it was in continual use. Lastly there was one of the new electric trains, which are still used on the line. In this travelled passengers wearing the clothes of the '20's, when the electric train was first used. But the celebrations did not end with the procession of old locomotives and coaches. At Mumbles, the official party went on to the pier, where an exhibition of photographs and other relics of the railway was inaugurated. Later, the Mumbles Lifeboat was launched in honour of the occasion, and yacht-racing and long-shore sports took place. The Swansea and Mumbles Railway was incorporated in June, 1804, when it was known as the Oystermouth Railway.

CHURCHILL VISITS OTTAWA

With Mr. Eden, Sir Winston Spent Thirty Hours in the Capital to Report to Canadian Leaders the Progress of Their Talks in Washington

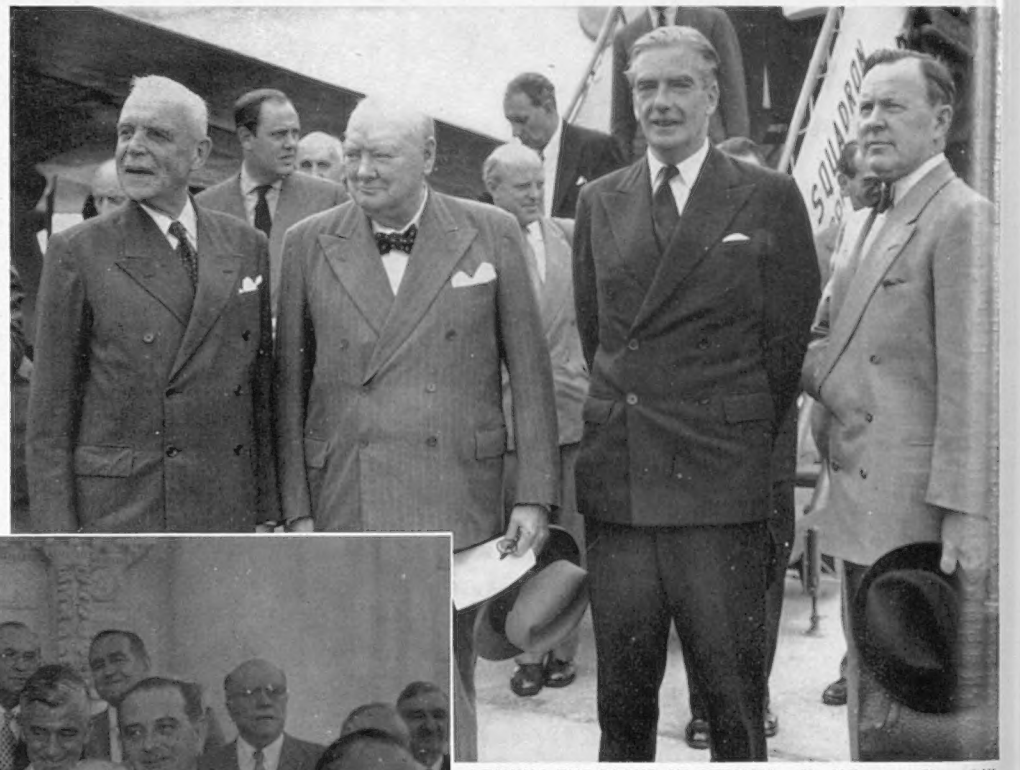
After their brief but busy visit to Washington, Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden flew to Ottawa to report on their talks with the Americans to members of the Canadian Cabinet. From the airport they drove to the Ottawa Parliament buildings, perched happily on the folding hood of their car with their feet on the seat. Ottawa gave them a welcome described by one newspaper as the warmest that the city has seen in years.

At an Ottawa Press conference, when asked about the Washington talks, Sir Winston said that he had read in the Press that a storm of anger awaited him in Washington. "I did not see any of that storm." He said that there was a great underlying foundation of agreement between Britain and the United States. On living side by side with the Communist world, he said that whatever we may feel of that kind of society, if it is a choice between that and the destruction of the human race, "then there is a lot to be said for letting reform stand for a while."

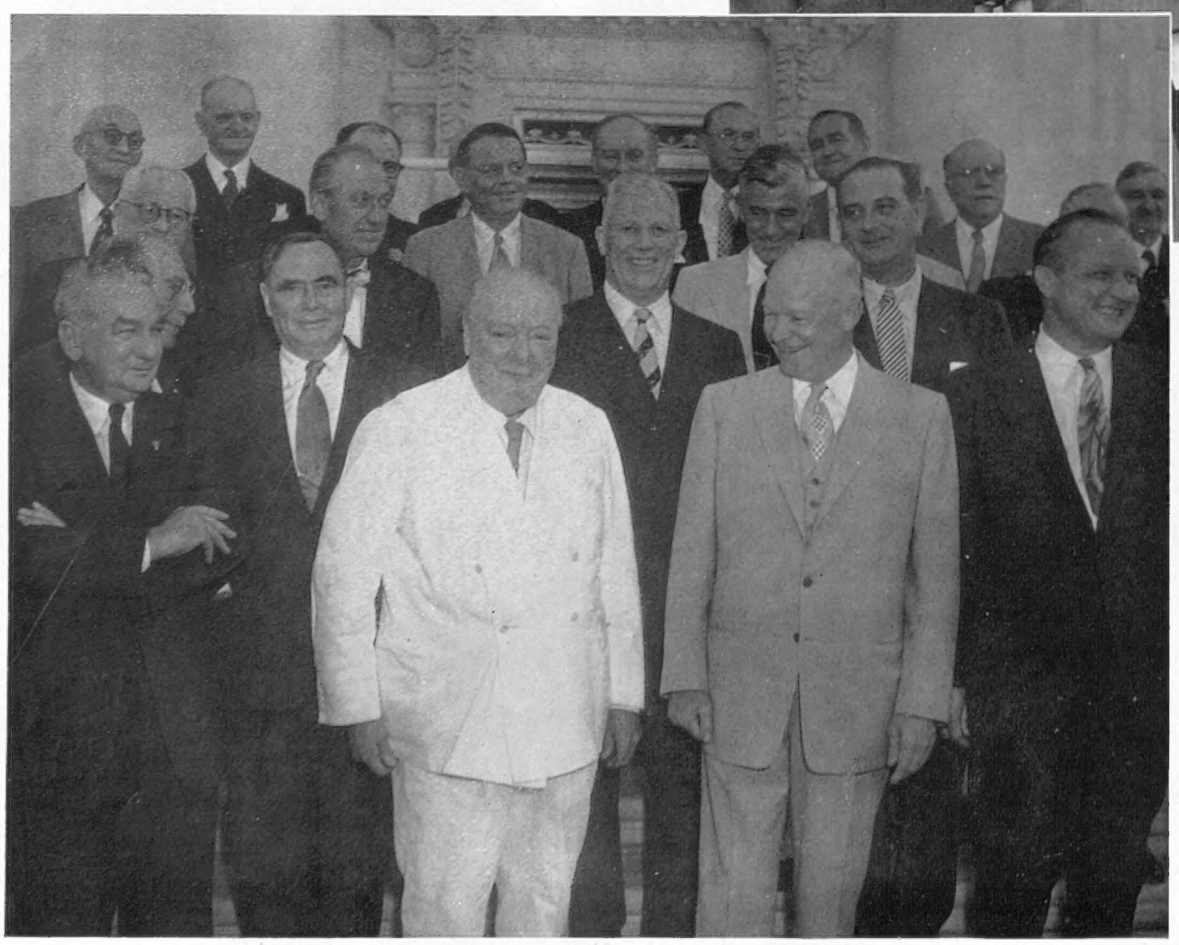
Though Sir Winston Churchill scored a great personal success in Washington, he did not still all the American doubts about Britain's policy towards China; there were still accusations from influential quarters of appeasing the Communists. But one agreed move was set in action: an Anglo-American working group was established to plan a South-East Asia Treaty Organisation on the lines of N.A.T.O.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL READS A SPEECH ON HIS ARRIVAL AT OTTAWA AIRPORT: Standing beside him is the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Louis St. Laurent; Mr. Eden looks on from behind. Sir Winston paid a thirty-hour flying visit to Ottawa after his talks in Washington with President Eisenhower; the Prime Minister held a Press conference and had a two-hour discussion with the Canadian Cabinet, which he described as "very jolly and serious." Later, in a broadcast, he paid tribute to the tremendous expansion of Canada since his first visit fifty-three years ago.

HAPPY VISITORS: On their way to the Ottawa Parliament building, Sir Winston and Mr. Eden perched happily, if precariously, on the hood of their car, and were given a warm welcome.



LEAVING THE PLANE AT OTTAWA: Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden are seen on arrival with the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Louis St. Laurent (on left), and the Canadian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson. After their brief stay in Ottawa, they flew back to New York and boarded the *Queen Elizabeth* at 2 a.m. for the journey home.



On left—

PREMIER AND PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON: Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower posed on the portico of the White House after a luncheon to meet leaders of the U.S. Congress; at the time, Washington was in the throes of a heatwave, which explains the Prime Minister's white linen suit. With the two leaders are (in front, left to right): Representative Charles Halleck, Sir Winston, President Eisenhower, and Senate majority leader William Knowland; (second row) Senator Homer Ferguson, House Speaker Joseph Martin, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Senate minority leader Lyndon Johnson; (third row) Representatives Leslie Ahrens and Robert Chiperfield, Senators Leverett Saltonstall, Walter George, Earle Clements, and H. Alexander Smith; (back row) Representatives Carl Vinson, Leo Allen, Sam Rayburn, Dewey Short, Thomas S. Gordon, John Vorys, Senator Eugene Millikin, and Representative Clarence Cannon.

The Swedish Royal Visit

LONDON'S WELCOME

King Gustav VI Adolf and Queen Louise Drive to Guildhall, Then Go On to the Mansion House

SWEDEN'S KING IN THE CITY OF LONDON : King Gustav VI Adolf, who with Queen Louise was on a State visit to this country as guest of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, seen replying to the Address of Welcome presented by the Lord Mayor. Queen Louise, aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh, is on Sir Noël Bowater's left. The reception at Guildhall followed a State Drive from Buckingham Palace, and large crowds gave the Swedish visitors a warm welcome.

Below—

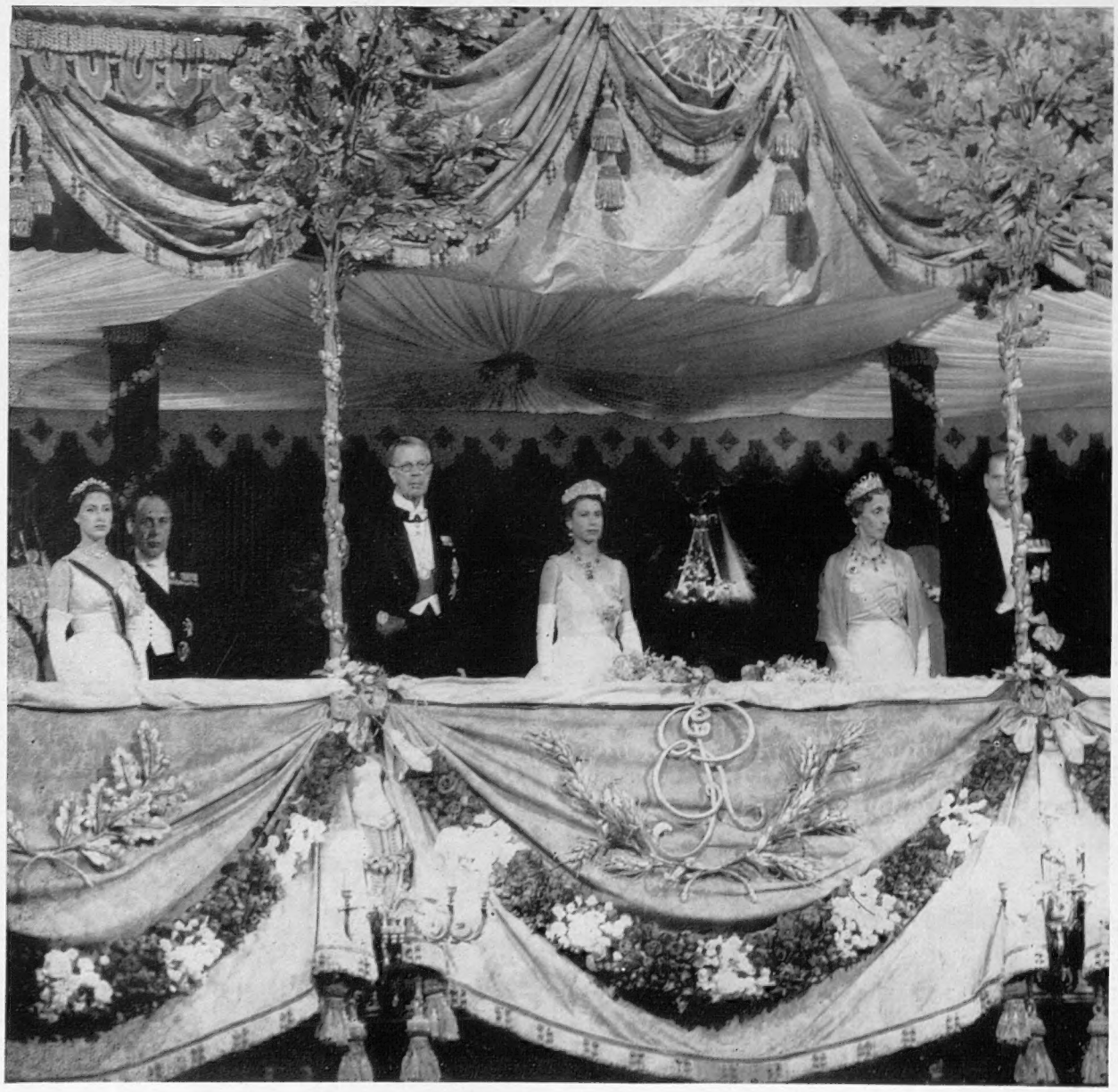
THE SCENE IN THE EGYPTIAN HALL OF THE MANSION HOUSE, WHEN THE KING REPLIED TO THE TOAST OF HIS HEALTH : On his left are the Lord Mayor, Queen Louise, the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Mayoress, and on his right is the Duchess of Gloucester ; three places farther on is the Swedish Ambassador. The State visit began on Monday of last week, when the Queen welcomed her visitors at Westminster Pier.

TWO QUEENS ARRIVE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE TO ATTEND THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF "LE COQ D'OR": Following Queen Elizabeth and Queen Louise are Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Gloucester. In the background, centre, is the Marquess of Salisbury, who acted as host on behalf of the Government, and on the extreme right is Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Royal Opera House. As the Queen's Party entered the Royal box they were greeted by a fanfare played by trumpeters of the Life Guards, and this was followed by the two National Anthems.

The Swedish Royal Visit

GALA PERFORMANCE

The Queen and Her Guests go to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to Attend a Gala Performance of "Le Coq d'Or"



WHEN THE AUDIENCE ROSE TO GREET THE T... ROYAL FAMILIES: On the right of the R... Box are members of the Diplomatic Co... The special decorations throughout ... Opera House were designed by Oliver Mes...

The climax to the four-day State Visit by King Gu... and Queen Louise came on Wednesday of last w... when, together with Queen Elizabeth and the Duke... Edinburgh, they went by car through streets lined ... cheering people, to the Royal Opera House in Co... Garden, to attend a Gala Performance of Rimsky-Korsak... opera "Le Coq d'Or." Other members of Britain's R... Family also attended and they were all greeted by ... Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Privy Seal, on behalf of ... Government, the host for the evening. The Entra... Hall, Foyer, Grand Staircase, Queen's Room, the R... Box and Auditorium were all richly decorated with hang... and flowers, Mr. Oliver Messel being responsible for ... designs. Yeomen of the Guard formed a Guard of Hon... on the grand staircase, and also stood inside the Royal B... Yeomen Warders were on duty in the Auditorium. ... was a memorable evening and one rich in colour, for ... theme of the decorations was in blue and gold—the co... of the Swedish flag. Members of the Diplomatic Co... were present in the Opera House, together with memb... of the Government and many other prominent perso... On the following morning the Swedish King and Qu... left Buckingham Palace and took up residence at ... Embassy for a few days before leaving for their own count...

On left—

A RICHLY DECORATED ROYAL BOX: The Queen sta... between the King and Queen of Sweden w... the Duke of Edinburgh on Queen Louise's ri... and Princess Margaret on King Gustav's rig...

ROYAL ARRIVALS AT THE SWEDISH EMBASSY AND THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: The two side pictures show the Swedish King and Queen arriving at their Embassy in Portland Place, when they gave a dinner in honour of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. For this occasion Queen Louise wore a dress of silver-tiered lace with the pale-blue riband of the Order of Seraphim. *In the centre*, Princess Margaret, dressed in white satin, is seen arriving for the Gala Performance at Covent Garden.

NIGERIAN PAGEANTRY AT KANO

The Magnificent Ceremonial at Which the Emir Was Installed With Traditional Pomp as Ruler of the Northern Nigerian City

THE HISTORIC CITY OF KANO : A view of the Northern Nigerian city from a minaret of the Great Mosque. Kano is more than 1,000 years old, standing on the edge of the Sahara Desert. It is surrounded by a high wall and a deep ditch. Thousands witnessed the installation of the city's Emir.

THE EMIR ON HIS THRONE : Robed in silk and satin, the Emir of Kano is seen after his installation with the insignia of office which had been presented to him. The silver knife is strapped to his wrist, the Staff of Office is in his hand, and the great silver sword lies in front of him. *On left*—The Emir posing against one of the decorated mud walls of his palace.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE : The Emir swearing the Oath of Allegiance to the Queen on the Koran. Immediately to his right stands the Lieutenant-Governor of Northern Nigeria, Sir Bryan Sharwood-Smith, who performed the installation.

On right—

THE EMIR'S PROCESSION PASSES : The cavalcade struggling through the vast crowd which had assembled to greet its new ruler. Horses, camels, trumpeters and musicians are seen jostling each other as the Emir passes. He can just be seen, extreme right, beneath the embroidered umbrella-like golden canopy.

A ceremonial charge of over 500 horsemen on gaily caparisoned mounts, thundering to a sudden halt at a dais with fists raised in traditional salute was the climax to a day of pageantry when Alhaji Muhammadu Sanusi, eleventh Emir of Kano, was formally installed in his exalted position by Sir Bryan Sharwood-Smith, the Lieutenant-Governor of Northern Nigeria, in Kano on June 19.

The thousand-year-old city on the fringe of the Sahara was crowded with sightseers estimated at 80,000, who wanted to see their Emir installed. A pushing, jostling, but good-natured crowd ; each one craning his neck to catch a glimpse of his ruler. Even the trees were dangerously loaded with human freight when the colourful procession approached. It was led by the Emir's entourage, musicians and ceremonial camels, followed by the Emir himself, mounted on a magnificently decorated horse with a retainer slowly twirling an ornate golden-coloured umbrella above his master's head.

On arriving at the scene of the installation, the Lieutenant-Governor inspected a military guard of honour. Then the Emir, accompanied by the Madakin Kano, his chief Adviser, proceeded to the dais, and on the Madakin Kano and the Liman of Kano bringing forward with great solemnity the Holy Koran, the Emir took the Oath of Allegiance. The Lieutenant-Governor then addressed the people. Speaking in English (which he afterwards repeated in Hausa), Sir Bryan paid a personal tribute to the late Emir, whom he described as " that wise and devout ruler and my very old and honoured friend." To the new Emir he said : " You, Alhaji Muhammadu Sanusi, are the eleventh Emir of Kano. You come from the line which has ruled this ancient city and Emirate for nearly 150 years." He told the Emir that he followed in the steps of his forbears, and he relied on him to uphold the law and do his duty without fear or favour, affection or ill-will.

At the close of the speech the Emir's musicians sounded their trumpets and tambari, and, finally, at a signal from the Emir, guns were fired. Then came what was probably the most impressive part of the ceremony, the presentation of the insignia. First the Alkebba, an exquisite robe of silk and satin with a hood, which the Madakin Kano put on the Emir. The Lieutenant-Governor then handed to the Madakin Kano a sword of silver which was fastened to the Emir's waist. Then a knife of chased silver matching the sword was fixed to his right wrist. Finally, the new ruler was handed the Staff of Office and the Letter of Appointment. Thus clad, the Emir made a speech in Hausa, in which he pledged himself to the service of his people and of God.

Their ruler thus installed, the guns roared out again in salute, and while musicians discoursed, Councillors, District Heads and the Alkali in a long gorgeous procession of flowing robes and turbans of every conceivable hue came forward each to make his individual protestation of allegiance to the Emir in the presence of the people.

At last, with the formal ceremonies at an end, the great cavalcade, headed by the Emir himself and followed by his bodyguard, musicians and a great company of loyal lieutenants all sumptuously mounted, made its way through the endless sea of people to the distant palace.

As the dust of the busy city slowly subsided and the wind-blown sand of the Sahara sea cast its brown mantle over the scene, sounds of renewed festivities afar off told of the informal prolongation of a day of pageantry that will live long even in the long history of Kano.

BRITAIN'S LATEST NIGHT-FIGHTER IN SQUADRON SERVICE—THE ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH METEOR, MARK 14: These aircraft, seen on a flight over the South of England, belong to 85 Squadron, one of the most famous fighter squadrons in the Royal Air Force, and the first to be equipped with the new Meteor. The aircraft seen above are led by Squadron-Leader C. J. Holmes, of Harrow, Middlesex, who is seen peeling off from the remainder of the formation.

A METEOR 14 IN A HIGH-SPEED DIVE: This is the fastest production model of the Meteor yet to fly. It is basically the same as the Mark 2, but the "glasshouse"-type cockpit has been replaced with one of the newer "bubble" type, giving improved visibility.

PREPARATIONS FOR A FLIGHT: Pilot Officer C. L. Flitch is seen discussing the route with his navigator, Flying Officer M. Vaughan. The large nose of the aircraft houses some of the extensive radar equipment.

BRITAIN'S LATEST NIGHT-FIGHTER

The Meteor Mark 14, the Latest Model of a Famous Jet Fighter, Now in Service With 85 Squadron

For ten years now the Meteor, in many roles and modifications, has been one of the mainstays of the R.A.F. fighter force, and in these present hurried times, when an aircraft is obsolescent almost as soon as the plans have left the drawing-board, it says much for the aircraft that yet another model has entered squadron service with the R.A.F. after such a long history.

The greatest of the many distinctions borne by the Meteor as a type is that it was the only Allied jet-propelled aeroplane to go into operational service during the Second World War. It was also the first jet aircraft of any type to set up a world speed record. This was accomplished in 1945, when a Meteor Mark 4 reached a speed of 606 m.p.h., raising the record, formerly held by Germany, by 137 m.p.h. Later models of the Meteor raised this speed and also set up point-to-point speed records.

Although the original aircraft was designed by the Gloster Company, who also built all the various Marks up to Mark 10, the Marks 11 and 14 were produced by Armstrong-Whitworth, and incorporate many refinements. The Mark 14 is basically the same as the Night-fighter Mark 11, but as well as the improvement in the cockpit canopy already referred to, the Mark 14 carries more radar equipment in the nose, which has been lengthened, and the fin area has been increased to compensate this. No performance figures have been released for this version, but it is said to be the fastest yet produced, and Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, the Secretary of State for Air, has referred to it as the most effective night-fighter that exists.

It is fitting that an aircraft with such a long and praiseworthy pedigree should go into service with one of this country's most famous fighter squadrons: 85 Squadron was formed in 1917 and went to France in 1918, where, under the command of the famous ace, Major W. A. Bishop, V.C., it achieved a magnificent record as one of the most successful fighter squadrons on the Western Front. During the Second World War it played a prominent part in the Battle of Britain as a day-fighter squadron, later specialising in night-fighting tactics. For more than a year it was commanded by Group-Captain John Cunningham.

It is as a night-fighter squadron that it is using the new Meteors. The present technique of night-fighting differs very little in principle from that employed during the war. The fighters are guided to the attacking force by radar stations on the ground, until the enemy are picked up on the aircraft's own radar sets, which are operated by the navigators.

SAFELY BACK AFTER A FLIGHT: Crews of the Meteors flown by 85 Squadron are seen back at the airfield after a flight. This famous squadron was formed in 1917 and played an important part in France during the First World War, and in the Battle of Britain and later stages of the last war.

b

Foreign News in Pictures

TWO ASIAN LEADERS MEET

And a Survey of Other Recent Events on Four Continents

MR. CHOU EN-LAI'S VISIT TO DELHI : The Chinese Communist Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, wreathed in garlands, with Pandit Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, centre, on his arrival in Delhi for a three-day stay. Chou En-lai, who was returning home from the Geneva Conference, paid his first visit to India.

A SINO-INDIAN OCCASION : The State Banquet held at Rashtrapati Bhaven, Delhi, i honour of the Chinese Premier. Seen in profile, with his back to t camera, is Mr. Pandit Nehru. Opposite him sit, from left, a Chinese interprete Mr. Chou En-lai, Mrs. Indra Gandhi, and Dr. Radhakrishnan, the Indian Vice-Presid

One of the indirect results of the Geneva Conference was the opportunity it afforded to the Chinese Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, Mr. Chou En-lai, to meet personalities whose acquaintance he had hitherto been unable to make owing to his seclusion in Communist China. Possibly the most important of these visits was to Delhi, where he met for the first time Mr. Nehru, who in recent years has frequently been offering himself as a mediator between East and West. The two leaders met on each of the three days of Mr. Chou En-lai's visit, and at the end they issued a joint statement. This reaffirmed the five principles in India's Tibet Treaty with China: mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty; non-aggression; non-interference in each other's internal affairs; equality and mutual benefit; and "peaceful co-existence." The two leaders also found time to discuss international, and especially Asian, affairs. They hoped that these five principles would be applied to Indo-China, and they agreed on objectives for a political settlement in that country—the creation of unified States and not the partitioning of Viet Nam.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HYDRO SCHEME GETS UNDER WAY AT LAST : Mr. Robert Moses, left, Chairman of the New York Hydro-Electric Corporation, with his opposite number from Ontario, Mr. Robert Saunders. With the last legal barriers finally removed, work is beginning this month on the construction of huge generators, the first part of the £200,000,000 hydro-electric scheme on the St. Lawrence River, in Canada.

MRS. PANDIT IN YUGOSLAVIA : The President of the United Nat Organisation speaking at a luncheon given in her honour by t Yugoslav Parliament in Belgrade. On either side of her are, l Mr. Vlado Popovic, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Moshe Pijade, President of the Parliam

SEOUL'S BLACK MARKET AREA IS RAZED TO THE GROUND : Her ba strapped to her back, a woman joins in the general search afte fire had destroyed the South Korean capital's black market ar *On left*—An aerial view of the area after the fire. Some 200 hou and small shops were destroyed, and more than 5,000 people w rendered homeless. The explosion of petrol drums which had be carefully hidden away by black marketeers added to the disas

FLOOD WATERS IN AMERICA—THE DES MOINES AND THE RIO GRANDE REACH RECORD LEVELS: *On left*—6-ft. waves near the Centre Street Dam in the city of Des Moines, Iowa. For the first time the business district in the centre of the city was threatened as the flood waters reached a level of 30 ft. *On right*—The people of Ciudad Acuña, Mexico, together with their belongings, being taken away to higher ground as the flood waters of the Rio Grande inundated the city after exceptionally heavy rains.

Heavy rainfall caused rivers in North America to rise to record levels last month, and damage and considerable loss of life was occasioned, especially in the State of Iowa and in Mexico. The worst disasters occurred on the Rio Grande, whose floodwaters burst the banks at many points, causing deaths and widespread homelessness. At Ciudad Acuña, in Mexico, for instance, some 15,000 people were evacuated and remained huddled together in the hills around their city waiting for the river to subside. To add to their misery, these people found themselves short of drinking water. In Texas the floods of the Rio Grande hit the rich ranch country, where isolated ranchers and their cattle were swept away by the torrents. In Iowa the River des Moines also rose to record levels, and a large number of residential and industrial districts were flooded.

PASSION PLAY AT NOTRE DAME: Satan comes to tempt Christ—a scene from the play during its rehearsal. Among those seen on the "stage" are Guy Kerner, as Christ, Paul Dupuis as Pontius Pilate, Roger Weber (Judas) and Igor Fosca (Satan). The play, *The True Mystery of the Passion*, was for nearly a fortnight performed nightly in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Sixty actors, a thousand extras, and horsemen of the Garde Républicaine took part. The play was written in 1450.

3-D ADVERTISING ON A FRENCH MÉTRO STATION: Travellers are seen admiring the shop window displays opened recently at the Opera Station in Paris. These displays, which give the station the appearance of a shopping arcade, are constructed of aluminium, and at night they are illuminated.

On left—
THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR ABOARD A BRITISH CRUISER: The seventy-five-year-old ruler being greeted aboard H.M.S. *Ceylon* by the ship's commanding officer, Captain R. S. Foster-Brown. The Sultan, who was accompanied by the Sultana and the heir apparent, Prince Abdullah, visited the British cruiser when she was paying an official visit to the East African State. The Sultan's party was entertained to luncheon on board by the captain.

On right—
A STAB IN THE BACK FOR THE GUATEMALAN REBELS! Honduran students who were sympathetic to the Guatemalan Government rioting at Tegucigalpa against the revolution of Colonel Castillo Armas. Seven of the students were wounded in clashes. The placards demand "Stop Intervention" and "Expel Castillo Armas." The irony of the situation lay in the fact that the rebels had been using Tegucigalpa as their advanced Honduran headquarters for their armed invasion of Guatemala.

THE SCATTERED HOMES OF THE SHARK FISHERMEN ON ACHILL ISLAND: Like most of the houses in County Mayo and other parts of Western Ireland, the houses are very simple, usually without electricity or water supply. The land around the houses is plentifully endowed with peat, but can also sometimes be used for grazing cattle.

THE SHARK-HUNTERS SET OUT: Four fishermen pushing off from the shores of Ac Island. The steep and rugged coastline of the island, which lies just to s west of County Mayo, can be clearly seen. Achill Head, which juts out into t Atlantic Ocean, is one of the most westerly points on the European contine

The SHARK FISHERS of ACHIL

For More Than a Hundred Years, the People of Achill Island Have Enjoyed a Lucrative Income from the Basking Sharks off the West Coast of Ireland

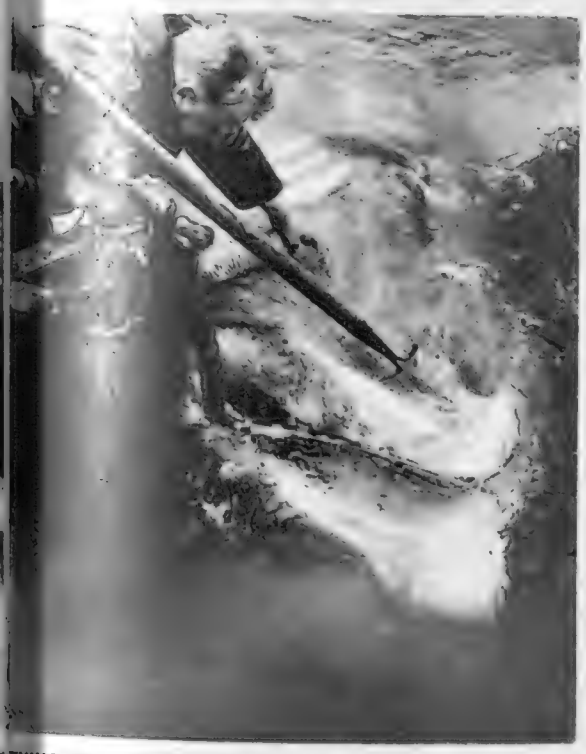
PREPARING THE SHARK FOR DISPOSAL: On the concrete paved area ashore each shark which is brought in is cut up for transport to Northern Ireland, where it is tra into fish meal for livestock. But the most valuable part of the shark is its gigantic liver, which produces the much-sought-after oil. No less than 8 cwt. of can be obtained from 6 tons of shark. This oil, besides being in great demand for industrial purposes, is also rich in vitamin A. It is now worth ab £90 a ton. Around the landing point the smell of sharks is intense, but the shark fishing industry does bring in about £50,000 a year to Achill Islan

The basking shark, biggest fish to be found in the waters surrounding Western Europe, is the basis of a flourishing industry on barren Achill Island, in the remote west of Ireland's County Mayo. Exceeded in size only by the whale shark in the Pacific, the basking shark grows to a length of 30 ft. or more, and its gigantic liver yields an average of about 8 cwt. of oil. The entire fish weighs as much as 6 tons and more.

The Irish shark fishermen catch the sharks with nets. Several small boats stretch the net near the shore, and when a shark becomes entangled in it drag it over towards the steep edge of the cliff, where the boats cluster around for the kill. As soon as the shark's struggles die down, a bayonet-like spear with a wooden haft is plunged again and again into its body by a man crouched in the bow of one of the boats. A crimson flood of blood darkens the water. Some of the fish are towed to a factory ship, where the enormous liver is cut out and processed, and the rest of the carcase is dumped overboard. Others are taken to the harbour, where a crane hoists them ashore, to be cut up with scythe-like knives. The flesh is cut in giant wedges, to be taken by lorry to Lisburn, in Northern Ireland, where it is turned into fish meal for feeding livestock. But the oil is the most valuable product of the fish, and is used for many industrial purposes, including the tempering of metal and the treatment of leather. Rich in vitamin A, shark oil frequently finds its way into halibut liver oil capsules. Cod liver oil contains hundreds of units of vitamin A per gram, halibut liver oil contains thousands of units per gram, but the vitamin A content of shark oil often runs into millions of units per gram. The oil is also used in a variety of hand creams and other cosmetics, and can be used in the manufacture of margarine. Attempts to u it in the manufacture of soap have so far b unsuccessful.

The sharks are fearful-looking creatures with enorm mouths which look as if they could engulf a hu but actually they live on tiny marine animals ca plankton, which they strain from the sea water thro a kind of sieve. The greatest danger is from their t which have been known to wreck small boats and f havoc with the Achill salmon nets. Salmon fis men are warned by "spotters" on the cliffs w sharks approach, and they quickly pull their nets a and attempt to drive off the sharks by splashing beating with their oars. It was damage done to sal nets which first attracted attention to the basi sharks, but now the shark fishing has assumed m importance than the salmon. The industry is to-

CRANES ... USED TO HANDLE THE MONSTERS: A 28-ft. sha... weighing 6 tons being hauled out of the harbour for ...ting up on the concrete pavement ashore.



TYING UP A SHARK JUST TO MAKE SURE: The vanquished fish has its jaws tied together before being towed into harbour, so that it does not present too much resistance. During the season the average catch is 100 fish a week.

regarded as a great economic asset to Achill Island, and has probably saved many people from the necessity of emigrating. It is worth more than £50,000 a year to the people of Achill. At one time the oil was worth as much as £100 a ton, but the price has since dropped to between £80 and £90 a ton.

The shark-fishing season lasts for about four months in the spring and early summer, and during this period the Achill fishermen catch an average of 100 sharks a week. The people of Achill have been shark fishing successfully for more than 100 years, and in those early days the sharks were worth from £35 to £50 each. In the old days the fishermen never brought the carcases ashore, for they believed that the fish would leave if the bodies were brought on land. To-day the fishermen have no such scruples and go all out to improve this already thriving industry and so raise their own standard of living.

"ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH": The gaping maw of a basking shark belies its modest diet. Although it looks big enough to engulf an ox, the shark restricts itself to feeding on tiny marine animals called plankton, which it strains from the sea water through a kind of sieve. The tail is the most dangerous part of the shark.

CHANGING BOATS: After being caught by the fishermen in their small boats, the dead sharks are transferred to larger powered vessels like this one. They are then taken to harbour, where they are landed and prepared for transport. The shark-fishing season lasts about four months during the spring and the early summer.

THE ASSASSIN IS HONOURED : The memorial tablet reads : "At this place on June 28, 1914, Gavrilo Princip struck a blow for freedom." On the pavement are permanently imprinted the footsteps which mark the exact spot on which the nineteen-year-old Serbian student stood when he fired his fatal two shots at the Austrian Archduke and his wife. Within six weeks, the great Powers of Europe were at war.

THE CITY OF SARAJEVO, WHERE IT ALL BEGAN : This thriving industrial centre in the heart of Yugoslavia now has a population of over 120,000 people. It still reflects the unique mixture of East and West which made it a traditional hotbed of Balkan intrigue, and so the scene of the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand.

SARAJEVO— 40 YEARS AFTER

Recalling the Assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, Which Led to the First World War

Forty years ago, on June 28, at three o'clock in the afternoon of a sweltering hot Sunday in the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo, the colourful crowd of veiled Muslim women, neat Austrian officials and Bosnians in their elaborate national dress swayed forward as the Royal car approached. At the corner of the Appel Quay and the Franz Josef Street the driver, unsure of his direction, slowed down for the turn. Suddenly a slim youth stepped through the crowd and fired two shots at point-blank range into the open car.

Gavrilo Princip's first bullet struck the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, paying a State visit to the city. The second, the Archduke's wife Sophia, who had thrown herself in front of her husband. The car drove rapidly on, but a few minutes later both the Archduke and his wife were dead.

Princip was immediately seized by the bystanders. Austrian officers beat him so soundly with their swords that he vomited up the poison he had swallowed. Sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at his trial four months later—only nineteen years of age, he could not be executed—Gavrilo was to die of tuberculosis in a forgotten prison cell.

But his two shots were to echo round the world and bring down an avalanche of bloodshed and destruction, the dust of which has still to clear.

They were the first shots of a global war that was to wreck the Dual Monarchy of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and eventually unite the South Slav peoples into the long-dreamed-of Kingdom of Yugoslavia. Twenty years later the great nations were again locked in deadly combat as Germany strove to regain her lost possessions. To-day the peoples of the world are still a prey to the fear that the chain reaction started by two shots may lead to an even more devastating explosion.

THE FATEFUL STREET-CORNER : The Gavrilo Princip bridge in Sarajevo, at the far end of which is the corner of what was Franz Josef Street and the Appel Quay. It was at this corner that the Royal car slowed down and Princip fired his shots. Franz Josef Street has since become Yugoslav Army Street.

Why were the shots ever fired ? In tracing the long chain of events we can go as far back as 1878, when Britain, Austria and Russia met at the Congress of Berlin after Turkish mis-government in the Balkans had provoked revolt and led to reprisal atrocities.

The Congress confirmed the independence of the youthful Serbia, while the neighbouring provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina—formerly Turkish—were placed under Austrian administration and occupation.

It took the Austrians two years of guerilla warfare, however, to subdue their new subjects. The Slavs, who really desired union with their kindred in the young Kingdom of Serbia, took the extreme step of allying with the hated Turks against their old, despised enemies from the north.

Thirty years later national feelings again flared up when Austria took advantage of a new revolt within the Turkish Empire to establish full sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. Overnight the two provinces became part of the Dual Monarchy, in which the Austrians and Hungarians were considered the master-races.

A movement for the unification of all Slav peoples, backed by Russia, rapidly sprang up. Spearhead of the unrest was the "Narodna Obrana," the extreme nationalist group.

And it was from this organisation that Princip and his accomplices, members of a youthful revolutionary group who called themselves "Mlada Bosna," obtained the weapons and financial support for the Sarajevo assassination.

There were over a dozen revolutionaries waiting with guns and bombs to kill the Archduke during his Royal visit to Sarajevo that day, Princip admitted at his trial. And the day was not ill-chosen. June 28 was "Vidovdan," when all Serbia mourned their national defeat in 1389. At the bloody Field of Kosovo the Serbian armies had been routed by the numerically-superior Turkish force, resulting in the complete collapse of the powerful Serbian Empire and over 400 years of Turkish oppression.

Earlier in the day, on the Archduke's entrance into the city, a bomb thrown at the Royal car had wounded one of his officers. Thus it was in frigid silence that Ferdinand listened to the address of welcome read by the Mayor in the "Beledija," or City Hall. Afterwards he proposed visiting the wounded officer in the local hospital, but, on his wife's behalf, agreed to change the route of the drive at the last moment for reasons of safety.

Yet it was this very change of plans that led to the slowing of the car at the precise spot where Princip, who had been waiting all morning, was standing. Stepping through the crowd, he coolly took aim, and fired his two fatal shots—the second, he maintained, aimed at a general in the car.

Without any conclusive evidence of Serbian blame for the incident, the Austrians held the Belgrade Government responsible. The ultimatum issued would have completely subdued the newly-liberated kingdom. Russia supported the Serbs in their resistance; Germany supported Austria. France came in on the side of Russia, and Britain in support of France.

By the time Princip and his associates were facing trial in October 1914, the first shots in the war that was to engulf the world had been fired.

Yet the assassination could have been averted. Later inquiries revealed that the Austrian administration had neglected to take even the usual precautions associated with a State visit. Diplomatic agents in the area had sent warnings of the revolutionaries' plans. The bomb attempt in the morning was ample proof of the tension in the city.

But the visit was carried out according to the official programme, and Ferdinand and his wife entered Sarajevo, hotbed of trouble, on "Vidovdan"—the very day of the year when patriotic feelings were at their highest.

Thus, historians have laid much of the blame at the feet of the Austrian rulers themselves. An excuse was being sought to crush the new Serbian kingdom before it became too powerful and vied with Austria for power in the Balkans. So in some ways Gavrilo's bullets did the Austrians a service. Whether they were as valuable to his own country is a matter for conjecture. Certainly, after four years of one of the bloodiest wars in history, Yugoslavia achieved the unification and liberty it had been seeking for almost 500 years. But was it all necessary ? After Ferdinand's death a detailed programme for the splitting-up of the Empire into fifteen self-governing states was found among his confidential documents. It provided for the uniting of Bosnia and Herzegovina with the neighbouring states of Dalmatia and Croatia, and probably later with Serbia, thus forming the backbone of present-day Yugoslavia.

Gordon R. Borthwick.

THE ARTIST'S RIVIERA

Impressions of Villefranche, Cagnes, Antibes and Nice

By DENNIS FLANDERS

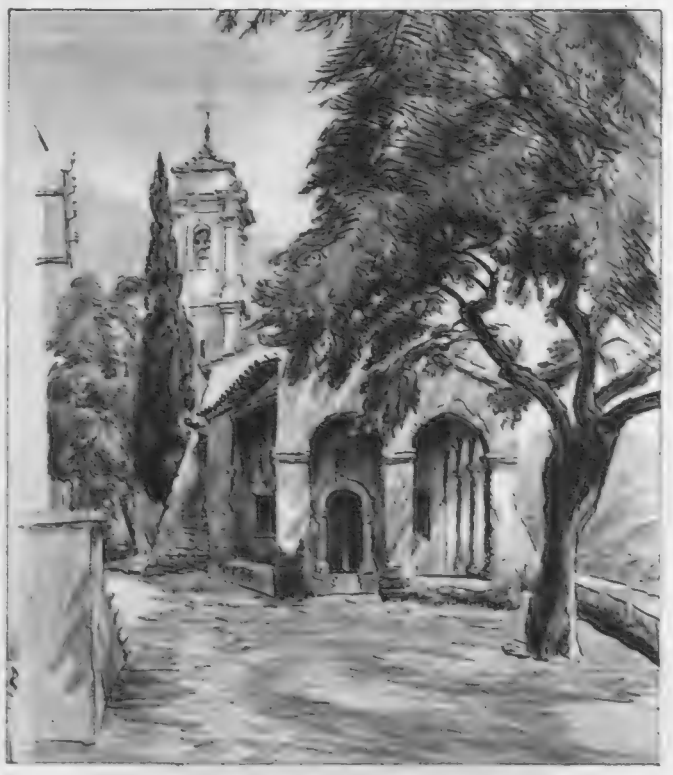
THE HARBOUR AT VILLEFRANCHE: This drawing was made between 7 and 9 a.m., when the sun was shining on the port and the green water was full of bright reflections. The hills behind are seen to be still in shadow, and seem to lend an air of mystery to the scene. Half-way up the hill is the Moyen Corniche, which skirts the bay, and from which the most attractive view of Villefranche can be obtained.

On left—

RUE OBSCURE, VILLEFRANCHE: Behind the houses, which seem to rise in tiers, is a warren of little streets, some of them, like the Rue Obscure, running beneath a series of arches.

On right—

THE CHAPEL OF NOTRE DAME DE PROTECTION, CAGNES: The charming little fourteenth and seventeenth-century chapel in Haut de Cagnes; inside are sixteenth-century fresco paintings of the Life of the Virgin, which were not discovered until 1936, when restorations were taking place. Cagnes is a medieval Provençal town built upon a hill around a castle of the Grimaldis. Renoir lived there for many years, and the town has now acquired a reputation as the haunt of artists, a Montmartre of the Riviera.



THE ARTIST'S RIVIERA (*Continued*)

RUE DE L'EGLISE, VILLEFRANCHE : One of the quaint narrow streets, hardly more than a stairway, which climbs up from the port to the higher part of the town. The seventeenth-century church at the top is typical of the style of churches to be found around the district—stucco, and generally washed yellow, cream or brown.

Though modern villas line the road from Nice to Villefranche and dot the hills behind, the town itself remains untouched and unspoilt. Villefranche is pure eighteenth century and earlier. In the early fourteenth century Charles II of Anjou, Count of Provence, granted the town commercial privileges which made it a *ville franche* and established its great fishing tradition. To-day it still carries on its original trade, and along the quay the tables of the restaurants mingle with the fishermen's nets which have been laid out to dry, or which are waiting to be repaired by the womenfolk. The roadstead at Villefranche is one of the deepest on the whole coast, and as it provides the only considerable anchorage between the Golfe Juan and Genoa, the town is a popular port of call of foreign navies. The little town is a favourite with painters and writers, and its charms as a holiday resort have now been universally acknowledged.

ANTIBES : The famous sixteenth-century ramparts portion of the old town with its two ancient towers adjoining the church and the Grimald

THE FISH MARKET, NICE : The Place St. François, which is surrounded by a number of pleasant old houses. The handsome classical seventeenth-century building in the right centre was once the Town Hall. The church tower in the background belongs to one of the eight baroque churches in the old town.

On left—
YACHTS AT ANTIBES : A wide harbour makes Antibes a favourite resort for yachtsmen. But despite its popularity as a holiday resort with all its trappings of luxury hotels and bathing facilities, the town retains much of its ancient aspect. Antibes has often been painted by famous artists, including Corot, Meissonier, Harpignies and Monet.

On right—
A STREET IN OLD NICE : A view over the old town from the Castle Hill. The dome and tower are those of the Cathedral of Sainte-Reparate, which was built in 1650. The tall houses, each floor with its balcony and complement of washing, the narrow streets, the distant view of mountains, all are typical of this, the capital of the Riviera.

"JINGLING JOHNNY" and other ARMY RELICS

The Interesting Museum Recently Opened at Sandhurst by Sir Gerald Templer

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF ONE OF THE OLD IRISH REGIMENTS : The strange "Jingling Johnny," which belonged to the 1st Battalion Connaught Rangers and which is now on show at the museum containing the relics of the old horsed cavalry regiments and the disbanded Irish infantry regiments, opened recently at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst. Major A. A. Halliley, the honorary secretary of the Museum Committee, is turning the handle which works the strange instrument.

The new museum at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst has been opened for the purpose of keeping alive the memory of the old horsed cavalry and the disbanded Irish infantry regiments. General Sir Gerald Templer, Colonel of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, opened the museum, and, speaking at the ceremony, he said that many large houses which had been given up by their owners contained relics of the British Army, and what better home could there be for such relics than the museum?

Most of the exhibits are period uniforms and pieces of equipment, but there are also Colours, guidons, drum banners and trophies—among the last-named is a handsome mahogany mess table of the 13th-18th Royal Hussars, captured by the "Ragged Brigade" (the 13th-14th Light Dragoons) from King Joseph's baggage train at the Battle of Vittoria in 1813. There are many interesting exhibits in the infantry section also. These are all relics of the old Irish regiments which were disbanded following the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. Outstanding in this section is the strange instrument, "Jingling Johnny," which is illustrated above. This was captured by the Connaught Rangers from the French during the Peninsular War. It was carried in front of the band by the tallest man in the battalion, on all ceremonial parades, its whirling plumes and jingling bells reminding the men of their past victories, although perhaps not helping them to keep in step.

OLD DRUMS, RECRUITING POSTERS AND COLOURS AT THE NEW MUSEUM AT SANDHURST : All the relics in this picture belonged to the Connaught Rangers. The old Colours above this display were in use before the year 1834, and the poster exhorts the volunteers to "Fly to the Standard of our Sovereign" and to "—Chastise the perfidious French and Spaniards."

On left—
THE TATTERED COLOURS OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT : This regiment originated as separate companies in the days of Cromwell and was first brought on to the English establishment in 1689.

On right—
A COLOURFUL UNIFORM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : A jacket which was once worn by a soldier of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in about the year 1740.

A DEPARTED GLORY OF THE OLD CAVALRY REGIMENTS : This Lifeguard helmet of 1820 seems to be a cross between the present helmets of the Household Cavalry and a Guardsman's bearskin.

A MAGNIFICENT TROPHY BELONGING TO AN OLD CAVALRY REGIMENT : Resting on a heavily embroidered shabraque, this splendid trophy was presented to a group of officers who served in the 14th Light Dragoons in 1850.

A MEMORY OF LUCKNOW : A drum, which once belonged to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and which was used to beat reveille throughout the long siege of Lucknow. At that time the regiment was known as the Royal Madras Fusiliers ; also as Neill's Blue Caps after James Neill, the famous soldier killed at Lucknow.

LAMBETH PALACE LIBRARY RESTORED

Housed in the Great Hall at the Archbishop of Canterbury's London Home, the Library is Once Again in Working Order

A FOCAL POINT OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION: A view of the exterior of the Great Hall at Lambeth Palace, which has been fully restored following wartime damage. The building houses the Library of 80,000 volumes, many of which have been re-bound and placed on new shelves.

The Great Hall at Lambeth Palace, London, S.E., which houses part of the library containing some of the most valuable books in the world, has been restored at considerable expense. Rebuilding began soon after the war and the Bishops of the Anglican Communion were able to assemble at the partly restored hall in 1948 for the eighth Lambeth Conference. Now, after many more months of work, new book-shelves have been erected for some of the 80,000 books and showcases placed in position for the display of some of the 1,500 manuscripts. Many of the books which suffered from the damage caused by the bombing in 1940-41 have been rebound, but, alas, there are still many thousands awaiting sorting and repair; they are stored for the time being in the crypt.

The Lambeth Palace Library was founded in 1610 by Archbishop Bancroft, but it was not until the nineteenth century that it was housed—or at least part of it—in the Great Hall. At that time the books were placed in projecting bookcases, whereas to-day they rest on shelves erected along the walls, thus saving much valuable floor space. All the windows of the hall were destroyed during the war, and these have now been reglazed with clear glass. Fragments of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century stained glass which survived have been set in the north-west oriel window.

THE GREAT HALL OF LAMBETH PALACE, WHICH HOUSES PART OF THE LIBRARY: This was the most severely damaged part of the Palace, and it has now been partly rebuilt and the books have been rebound and replaced; it was actually ready for use in time for the last Lambeth Conference in 1948. Displayed in a prominent position is the coat-of-arms of Archbishop Juxon, who built the Hall between 1660 and 1663.

On left—

THE CELEBRATED HAMMER-BEAM ROOF: This has been repaired (with the original wood, as far as possible) and the roof has been tiled, replacing the old slates. It is one of the finest in London.

TWO OF THE MANY TREASURES EXHIBITED IN THE GREAT HALL: On the left is a French Apocalypse, written in the middle of the thirteenth century; and, on right, is the Lambeth Bible, written in the twelfth century.

A STOREHOUSE OF DÉBRIS: A view of the crypt, where books, damaged in the bombing, are stored and sorted. As it will be noticed, many of the books need much attention before being placed on the new shelves. The library is open to accredited students.

THE FIRST OF THE L.C.C.'S COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY SCHOOLS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF KIDBROOKE SCHOOL, WHICH IS TO OPEN WITH AN INITIAL ROLL OF 1,700 GIRLS AFTER THE SUMMER HOLIDAY: The buildings are in Corelli Road, a few minutes' walk from Shooter's Hill Road, Greenwich, South-East London, and include an assembly hall to seat 1,400; a library and reading rooms; fine gymnasia; laboratories; studios; housecraft flats and practical rooms for needlework, craft, cookery and commercial subjects, in addition to classrooms, some of which are equipped as subject rooms. Eventually there will be 2,000 pupils at the school.

THE MAIN ASSEMBLY HALL, WHICH SEATS 1,400: This is unique in that it has a shell concrete roof, one of the few in Europe, which needs no supporting pillars and ensures a clear view of the stage from all parts of the hall. It is situated near the principal entrance to the school at the eastern end of the ten-acre site.

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE ELABORATE SCIENCE ROOMS: It will be noticed that the room is both light and spacious. Work on the school was begun in April 1951; building costs are estimated to be £560,000 (the furniture will cost about £55,000 extra). It was designed for the L.C.C. by Messrs. Slater, Uren and Pike, architects in private practice, the contract being carried out by Messrs. Gee, Walker and Slater, Limited.

KIDBROOKE

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S FIRST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL, WHICH IS TO OPEN IN SEPTEMBER NEXT, WILL HAVE AN INITIAL ROLL OF ABOUT 1,700 GIRLS

Writing in THE SPHERE in January last year, Mr. M. L. Jacks, Director of University of Oxford Department of Education, indicated in an article entitled "Comprehensive, Common or Multilateral?" that it might be that through the Comprehensive School we could devise a better instrument of secondary education than we have yet known. It remains to be seen." We have had little experience in this country of the Comprehensive School in its proper sense, but at the time of writing Mr. Jacks said that some authorities were considering it as perhaps the best means of providing that secondary education for all according to age, ability and aptitude which was one of the outcomes of the 1944 Education Act.

One of the education authorities contemplating Comprehensive Schools at that time was the London County Council. They were going ahead with their plans for the erection of buildings at Kidbrooke and Woodberry Down, both of which schools were designed to accommodate large numbers of pupils. In September the first of these two schools, Kidbrooke, will open with 1,700 girls, increasing in succeeding years to about 2,000. Girls from Charlton Secondary School for Girls, Maryon Park Secondary School, with the Halstow annexe, and parts of South-East London Technical College and Woolwich Polytechnic will be transferred to Kidbrooke. In addition, there will be a 13-form entry of girls at 11-plus. A number of girls of 13-plus who wish to take technical courses will also be admitted. The girls will be divided into eight houses, and there will be a House Mistress in charge of each house. They will work in forms of about thirty girls, and courses will be planned to suit girls of varying ability. There will be academic courses leading to Ordinary, Advanced and Scholarship levels of the General Certificate of Education and special courses in a number of specialised and commercial subjects.

Of the school itself, it will be noticed from the pictures reproduced on these pages that the accent is on light and space. The buildings stand on a site of nearly 10 acres which slopes gently from north to south. Most of the teaching area is in three three-storey blocks, and in each block there is a comprehensive range of ordinary and practical classrooms, together with cloakrooms in a distribution designed to avoid unnecessary movement of children at lesson-changing time. Each floor is painted in a different colour. In the main assembly hall, which leads off from a spacious foyer near the principal entrance to the school, there is an electrically-operated bridge 58 ft. wide—just one of the many modern installations in this very modern-looking school. It will be noticed from a closer inspection of the school that the buildings have been grouped in such a way in order to avoid unduly long stretches of uninterrupted building façade.

To the west of the site are situated playing fields providing eight hockey pitches and eight hard tennis courts. There is also hard "play space," while near the school buildings there are lawns and gardens which, in addition to being a pleasant amenity, will provide a sound-absorbing barrier between the school and the "play space." The Headmistress-elect of Kidbrooke is Miss M. G. Green, B.A., who until recently was Headmistress of Colston Girls' School, Bristol.

EACH PUPIL WILL HAVE A LOCKER: This is a view of just a few of the hundreds, and they are all numbered.

PART OF THE THREE THREE-STOREY BLOCKS: Most of the teaching area is in these blocks; two are in line parallel with the northern boundary of the site, while the third, more to the south, is linked to them centrally by a "bridge" which contains the library and staff rooms. The site of the school slopes gently from north to south.

A DUAL-PURPOSE ROOM: One of the large classrooms which can be used for lessons, or a dining-room during the lunch period. It will be noticed that the tables do not have drawers—a relief for many a teacher.

FOCAL POINT AT MID-DAY: This large modern kitchen is placed centrally in the northern long-block. The meals will be taken in the near-by rooms (illustrated above).

KIDBROOKE'S MAIN ENTRANCE: Large windows predominate throughout the entire buildings and there is a variation in the use of materials—facing bricks, wood and coloured tiles. The clock is electrically driven. The school is open for public inspection—by organised parties of twenty or more—until the end of this month.

The Home News in Pictures

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA Launches Her FIRST SHIP

AND A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN LONDON, EDINBURGH AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THE "BRITISH SOLDIER" TAKES TO THE WATER—THE FIRST SHIP TO BE LAUNCHED BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA: This ship, the second of four to be ordered by the British Tanker Company from John Brown and Company, is seen soon after the ceremony at Clydebank. *On right*—The Princess, accompanied by Lord Aberconway, the chairman of John Brown's, inspecting a guard of honour of Red Cross Cadets from Dumbartonshire, during the launching proceedings. After the ship had been launched, Lord Aberconway, presenting the Princess with a brooch in the form of an Alexandra Rose, said that the Princess had played her part in what was one of her first public engagements with a charm and grace which people had come to regard as inseparable from the Royal Family. Princess Alexandra, in reply, said that she would always follow the movements of the *British Soldier* with a special interest.

A FAMOUS SCOTTISH SCHOOL CELEBRATES ITS FOUNDER'S DAY: Boys of Fettes College, Edinburgh, many of them wearing cadet uniforms, drawn up in front of the sports pavilion, where they are being addressed by Brigadier J. D. Russell, after he had inspected the cadets and taken the salute at a march past during the Founder's Day celebrations. Brigadier Russell spoke to the boys about the prospects of a Service career. The college, whose Gothic outline is a well-known Edinburgh landmark, was founded by Sir William Fettes in the nineteenth century.

On right—

AFTER THE CEREMONY AT FETTES COLLEGE: Mr. D. Crichton-Miller, the Headmaster, is seen talking with Brigadier Russell and Major Timbs, one of the masters at the school. The college is run on the lines of the English public school.

MARKING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN—SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING HONOURED: The ... of Edinburgh presenting Sir Alexander with a pair of ... George III. sauce tureens at the ceremony held at St. ... Hospital Medical School. The presentation was made on ... of the school, with which Sir Alexander has long been asso...

SIR ALLIOT VERDON-ROE UNVEILS A PLAQUE TO HIMSELF: ... pioneer airman is seen standing by the plaque erected ... edge of the old Brooklands Airfield and racing track, ... the spot where, in 1907 and 1908, he carried out ... experiments. The place is now partly occupied by ... Armstrong, who had the commemorative plaque ...

A NEW FOUNTAIN IN GREEN PARK, LONDON : A view of the new fountain which was purchased from the Constance Fund and formally handed over to Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, at a ceremony last week. The Constance Fund was set up by Mr. Sigismund Goetze to encourage the art of sculpture and to help sculptors. The fountain, which is of granite surmounted by a nymph, replaces one that had been in the park since 1874.

A THEATRE ON THE CLIFF-TOP IN CORNWALL : A performance of the Christopher Fry play, *Thor with Angels*, being given by the members of the Minack Theatre on the cliffs at Porthcurno. The parts are being played anonymously by members of the Cornwall Religious Drama Fellowship.

On left—

RENOVATING OLD WALLS IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY : Workmen repairing part of the wall which surrounds Lord Vestey's estate near Northleach. For many years these picturesque walls have been becoming dilapidated, partly due to weather erosion, but mainly due to hikers climbing over them and dislodging the stones.

RESTORATION WORK AT ETON COLLEGE : A general view of the north-west corner of the cloisters, showing the work already done on the left-hand wall, and work in progress on the wall to the right of the picture. This work, the cost of which is being borne by the Eton Appeal Fund, has been made necessary by the flaking of the original stone and by dry rot in the timber beneath. Clipsham stone is being used, a much harder-wearing stone than that originally used.

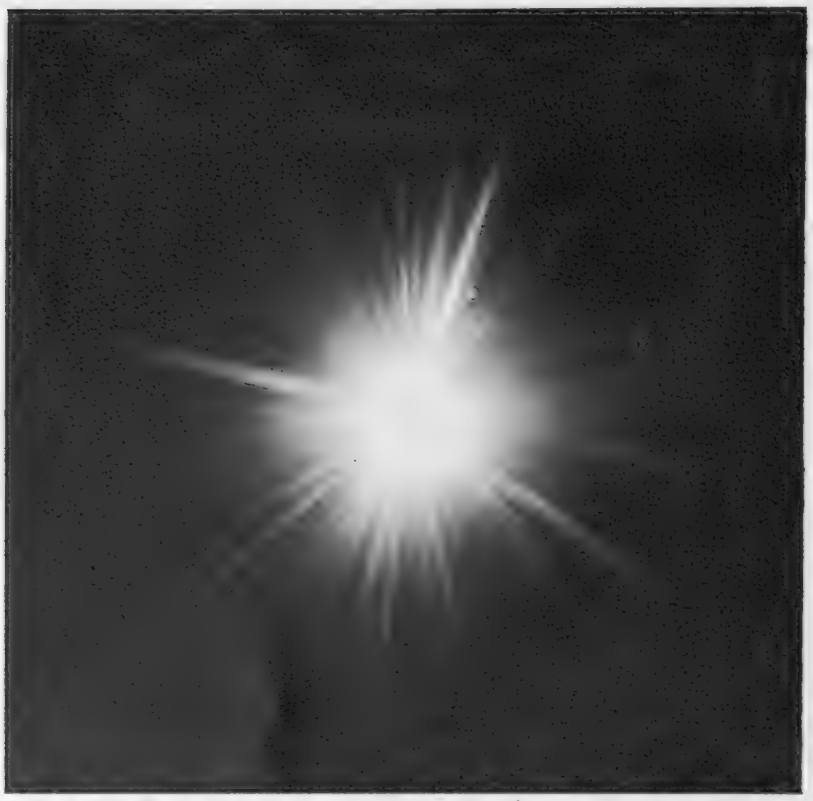
On right—

A NEW MACHINE FOR WIDENING ROADS : This machine, which is seen at work on a stretch of road near Bourton-on-the-Water, digs a ditch, 9 ins. deep and 2 ft. wide, and deposits the earth into a following truck. It can cover 58 ft. per minute.

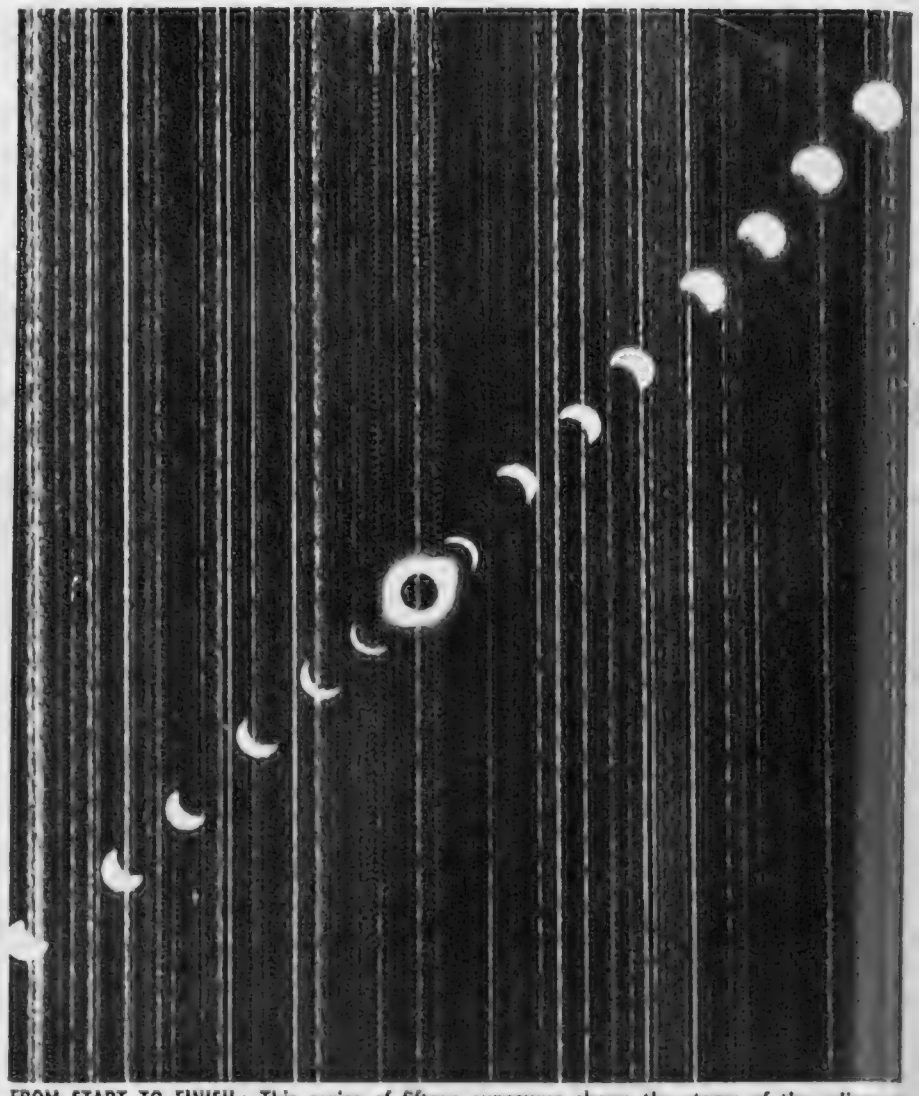
THE ROYAL NAVY LEND A DESTROYER TO PAKISTAN : Part of the ceremony at the Trafalgar Dock, Liverpool, when the destroyer was formally handed over to the Royal Pakistan Navy. A Pakistani guard of honour is seen marching past their navy's newest ship. The destroyer was accepted on behalf of the Pakistani Government by Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani, the High Commissioner, and was renamed H.M.P.S. *Taimur* by Begum Choudri, wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the R.P.N.

ALL EYES ON THE ECLIPSE

Scientists and Laymen, on Land and in the Air, Observe this Rare and Wonderful Spectacle of the Moon Crossing the Sun, Bringing Twilight to a June Day



AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF LAST WEEK'S ECLIPSE OF THE SUN : This picture of the sun as it was partially blacked out by the moon, was taken from an aircraft at approximately 1.30 p.m. last Wednesday week, 7,000 ft. above Southend-on-Sea, Essex. In the London area a 75 per cent. obscuring of the sun was visible ; at Unst, in the Shetland Islands, there was a total eclipse.



FROM START TO FINISH : This series of fifteen exposures shows the stages of the eclipse as seen from Minneapolis, Minnesota. The sequence starts at the bottom left corner, and at approximately five-minute intervals, covers a period of one hour, ten minutes.

People all over Britain and in many other parts of the Northern Hemisphere, last week witnessed the first total eclipse of the sun for many years ; the last time a total eclipse was witnessed in this country was in 1927. The path of totality stretched in a wide arc from Nebraska, in the United States, across the Atlantic, touching Greenland, Iceland and the Shetland Isles, to Southern Norway and Sweden, and then down through Persia and Afghanistan to Jodhpur, in India. The eclipse in Britain was experienced from shortly after noon until about half-past two. In the Shetland Isles the prevailing weather conditions (and it was the same in most places) prevented scientists from observing the entire proceedings, but the clouds did break and the sun was seen just a few moments before the total eclipse. In Sweden, observers from many countries witnessed the spectacle with varying degrees of success, while those who flew in a B.O.A.C. Hermes aircraft in the extreme north of the British Isles, reported the expedition as being "a complete success." At the height of totality, when the moon completely covered the sun, they saw a bright yellow glow formed by the sun's corona. At the same time, the Astronomer Royal was with another party flying over the North Atlantic, and they saw the eclipse for well over two minutes.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL FLIES TO SEE THE ECLIPSE : Sir Harold Spencer Jones (right) and Mr. D. N. Sadler, President of the Institute of Navigation, seen in the plane during the flight over the North Atlantic.

FLYING ACROSS THE PATH OF TOTALITY : Two men of the R.A.F., Wing-Commander W. J. Burnett (left), the pilot, and Flight-Lieutenant P. J. Wells, the navigator, seen in the cockpit of the R.A.F. Hastings aircraft which flew the Astronomer Royal in the path of totality.

MAKING THEIR OBSERVATIONS : *Left*—Mr. Henry F. Tiarks, a City banker and Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, views the eclipse from a window of a B.O.A.C. Hermes aircraft flying at 12,500 ft. north of the Shetland Isles. *Right*—Mr. Bennet McInnes, a physicist of Edinburgh University, measures the light intensity of the eclipse, in the R.A.F. Hastings aircraft.

BILLY GRAHAM IN BERLIN

Despite an Illness, the American Evangelist Speaks to 75,000 Germans at the City's Olympic Stadium

Following on his three-month Greater London Crusade, Mr. Billy Graham, the American evangelist, went on to the Continent and during his stay spoke in several cities, including Berlin, where he addressed a crowd estimated at between 75,000 and 80,000. at the Olympic Stadium. The meeting was organised with the help of the United East and West German Evangelical Church, and was attended by Bishop Dibelius, who led the closing prayer and gave the blessing. Also present among the many German and American officials, was Dr. Schreiber, Mayor of West Berlin; thousands of people from East Germany also attended. Mr. Graham, who had just previously been taken ill with what was later announced as a kidney ailment, said that it was a privilege to speak in "this historic city." A great number of his audience stood when he asked those present to make their "dedications to the service of God."

BILLY GRAHAM STANDS BEFORE A BATTERY OF MICROPHONES : He is seen addressing about 75,000 Germans at the Olympic Stadium in West Berlin on Sunday of last week.

SIGN OF THE CROSS DOMINATES THE PLATFORM : Behind Mr. Graham are the band and choir and many of the Germans who poured into Berlin to hear his message. Several German and American officials attended the meeting.

A GREAT CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE CROWD INTO THE SUN-DRENCHED STADIUM : Not since the pre-war political rallies has one man drawn such a huge audience of Germans. It was estimated that 10,000 East Germans crossed the border to attend.

MARKSMEN MEET AT BISLEY

Some of the Competitors who went to the National Small-Bore Rifle Association's Annual Meeting

PREPARING FOR HIS SHOOT AT BISLEY : Watched by Mr. W. Kerr, Mr. A. D. Nix adjusts his telescopic sights. Both are members of the Addiscombe Rifle Club. The M. G. K. Barnes Competition at Bisley was won by L. R. Tuckett (Exeter).

On left—

TWO OF THE LADIES AT THE MEETING : Mrs. F. F. Wardy and Mrs. R. A. Adams, both of whom are members of the Swindon Rocket Range Club.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS : *Left*—Wing-Commander R. F. B. Guy, British champion ·22 pistol class, has a practice round. *Right*—Mr. L. B. Dafforn, who shoots for a Wimbledon Park club, favours the Finnish Lion small bore rifle.

FATHER AND SON GET TOGETHER ON THE RANGE : Mr. H. L. M. Meyers, of East London, South Africa, is seen giving a demonstration to his son, Ronald, before the competition. There were many other young competitors at the meeting.

MISS CONNOLLY'S THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP: *On left*—Miss Maureen Connolly retrieves a shot on the baseline during the final of the Ladies' Singles Championship at Wimbledon. Her opponent, Miss Louise Brough, is seen, *on right*, tensing herself to play a forehand drive. Miss Connolly won 6—2, 7—5, thus taking the Ladies' title for the third year running.

DROBNY'S WIMBLE[illegible]

The Last Days of the Lawn Tennis Cham[illegible] During which Jaroslav Drobny Won th[illegible] and Maureen Connolly Completed a Hat-Tr[illegible]

In the tennis world, 1954 will be remembered as Drobny's year. Like a fairy story, everything came right in the end, and everybody lived happily ever after. Jaroslav Drobny was competing for the Wimbledon title for the eleventh time. Ever since he had first come to London, as a sixteen-year-old ball boy from Prague, the supreme title in tennis had been his ambition. Twice since the war he had been in the final, only to have to content himself with the runner-up's Silver Medal. This year, they said, he was too old; he only just featured among the seeded players. But quietly, almost unobtrusively, the left-hander progressed to the semi-finals without even dropping a set. And when he got into the final, there was scarcely a person who for one reason or another did not secretly wish that Drobny would win.

The play was in every way worthy of the occasion. Rosewall, who had displayed tennis of genius to beat Trabert in the semi-final, could not quite recapture that form, but he was in every way worthy of his opponent. After a nervous beginning, Drobny took control, driving from the baseline with great accuracy and sustained power, and serving with great precision. Rosewall, however, fought back and, by dint of brilliant ground strokes and a tremendous return of service, took Drobny all the way, as the score 13—11, 4—6, 6—2, 9—7 shows. Rosewall's turn for the Championship will surely come, but this year Drobny, never more confident or in better physical condition, moved inexorably on. He followed up his service to the net and smashed or lobbed with devastating accuracy. The luck, which so often had been against him, turned this time; a winner off the net cord turned the scales in the penultimate game, and Drobny ran out the worthy winner of a memorable match which was a tribute to the fine players taking part.

WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES: The Duchess of Kent presenting the cup to Miss Louise Brough, left, and Mrs. Margaret du Pont. They won the Ladies' Doubles Championship when they beat the holders, Miss Shirley Fry and Miss Doris Hart, 4—6, 9—7, 6—3.

THE CHAMPIONS TAKE THE FLOOR: Miss Maureen Connolly and Jaroslav [illegible] this year's Singles title holders, at the Grosvenor House, Park [illegible] when they led the dancing at the traditional end-of-the-tournament

CONTESTANTS IN A GREAT FINAL: *On left*—Ken Rosewall of Australia making a backhand return to Drobny. *On right*—Jaroslav Drobny, who was born in Czechoslovakia and is now of Egyptian nationality, making a typical forehand shot. Drobny won the Championship by beating Rosewall 13—11, 4—6, 6—2, 9—7. It was a magnificent struggle in which Rosewall, who has possibly the best backhand strokes in the world, fought every inch of the way against a relentless opponent who was determined to win the Championship at his eleventh attempt. The game was played in the presence of King Gustav of Sweden, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent.

DROBNY TURNS AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER: The Wimbledon champion speaking into the microphone at the All-England Lawn Tennis Club Dinner, which was held in London at the end of the Wimbledon fortnight. On his left sits Lord Templewood, a Vice-President of the All-England Club, and next to him, Miss Maureen Connolly, the Ladies' Champion. Jaroslav Drobny, who is thirty-two, declared that, having at last won the Championship, he would give up all further serious competitive tennis.

RUSSIA TAKES THE GRAND

The Success of the Krylia Sovetov Crew Over the Leander Eight on the Final Day of the Henley Royal Regatta

UMBRELLAS FOR THE FINAL OF THE GRAND: The last day of the Henley Regatta was marred by heavy rainstorms. *On right*—The Russian Eight, Krylia Sovetov, defeating Leander in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup. This race was rowed in the heaviest rainstorm of all. The Russians beat Leander, the holders, by 2½ lengths, in a time of 7 mins. 15 secs. Both crews did well to overcome the conditions.

CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THE RACE: The crew of the Leander boat, in white, congratulating the smiling Russians after the race for the Grand. The Krylia Sovetov's win in this race was one of three Russian victories on the final day at Henley. Altogether six trophies went to foreign crews, or scullers, an overwhelming and unparalleled reverse for the home crews, whose standard was not very high.

THE VICTORIOUS CREW COMES ASHORE: The Krylia Sovetov Eight after their victory in the Grand. The Russians, contrary to expectations, started at the terrific rate of 44, and gained a canvas lead on Leander in a very short time. They never eased off, but kept up the intense pressure right up to the finishing post.

On left—

KISSES AND HANDSHAKES: Russian officials, overjoyed at the victory of their crew, greeting effusively the Krylia Sovetov Eight. A Four from the same Russian club won the Stewards' Cup, and, of the five races for which the Russians had entered, they failed to win only two. Although the Russian crews were entered as clubs, there is no doubt that they are considered to be a national team. They will remain together to compete in the European championships which are taking place in Switzerland next month.

GN CREWS COMPETING IN A VERY ENGLISH SETTING : The finish of one of the heats of he Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. The Russian crew, Krylia Sovetov, are seen three engths ahead of Kvik, from Denmark. It was one of a series of victories by Russian rews at this year's regatta ; Krylia Sovetov went on to win the Grand from Leander.

THE RUSSIANS AT HENLEY

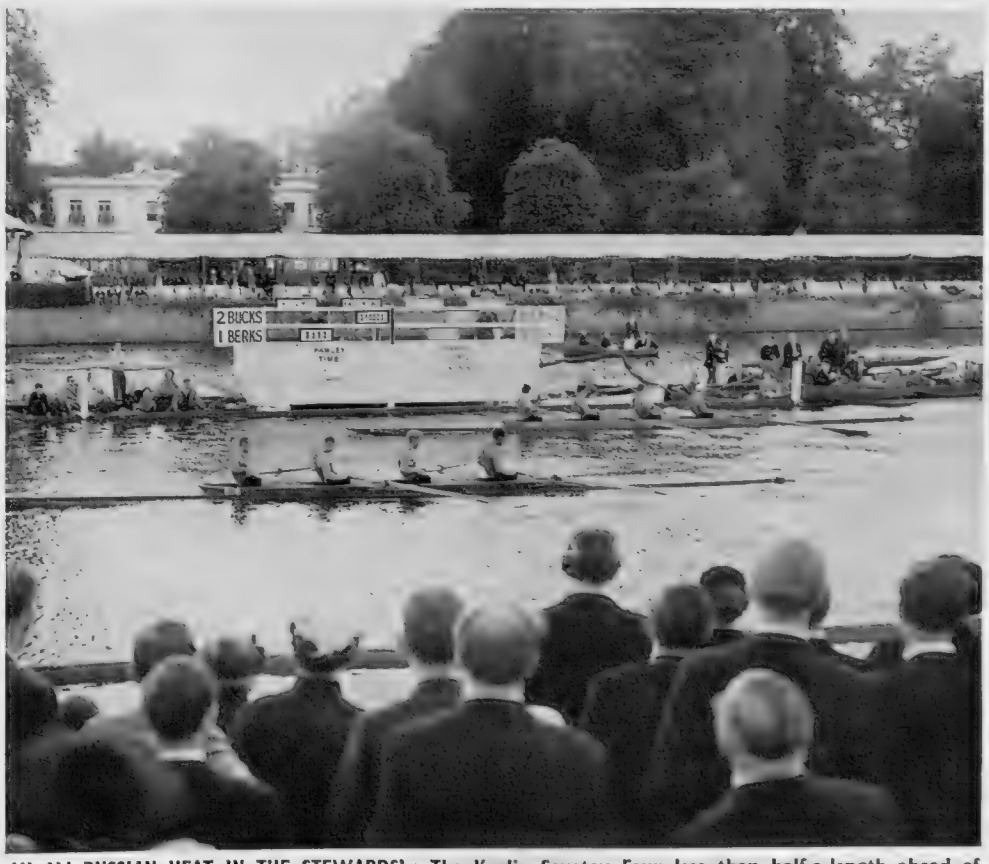
This Year's Royal Regatta was Dominated by these Well-Trained Oarsmen, who Carried Off Three of the Main Prizes

Royal Regatta was this year outstanding for e presence of the Russian oarsmen who had o wrest from their British holders Henley's littering prizes. The Russians, of course, a great sensation even before they were racing. Their training on the river, their their clothes, their army of coaches and s-on, all aroused curiosity in the Oxfordshire town. Nor did their performances during the Regatta belie their great "build-up." It is true that, in the Diamond Sculls, the Russian Olympic champion was brilliantly beaten by the eventual winner, the Yugoslav P. Vlasic. But their Eight in the Grand, their Four in the Stewards' and their pair in the Silver Goblets showed clearly that Russian rowing was strong and efficient.

AFTER A GREAT HEAT IN THE DIAMONDS : P. Vlasic, of Yugoslavia, left, shaking hands with the Russian, Y. Tukalov, the Olympic title-holder, whom he beat in a heat of the Diamond Sculls. Vlasic, the European champion, eventually won the Diamonds.

On right—

EASY WINNERS IN A HEAT OF THE SILVER GOBLETS : The Russians, I. Buldakov, bow, and V. Ivanov, winning a heat. They won the Goblets by beating R. Gitz and S. L. Blom, of Holland, in the final.



AN ALL-RUSSIAN HEAT IN THE STEWARDS' : The Krylia Sovetov Four less than half-a-length ahead of their countrymen, Avangard, whom they beat in the second round of the Stewards' Cup. The winners beat a very much lighter gallant Royal Air Force crew to win the final.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE RCCKY, MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND OF SYRA : This is one of the islands of the Greek Cyclades in the Ægean Sea. It has an area of about 30 sq. miles and there are remains of the old Ægean civilisation.

The Sphere of Travel

A JOURNEY TO GREECE

Sundry Reflections and Some Practical Advice Regarding Present-day Travel Conditions in this Classical Land

By GORDON COOPER

RETURNING recently to Greece after an absence of twenty years, the thing that struck me most was the great change in travel conditions. The ubiquitous motor-bus has now largely supplanted the mule for transportation away from the railway line—to the detriment, I think, of the leisurely and inspiring journeys one used to make—and modern hotels have sprung up in the vicinity of the main classical sites, while D.D.T. has obliterated most of the insect life which used to be a common feature in many Grecian inns. I still found, however, the rather savage village dogs, for which *Baedeker* recommended stone-throwing as being a more effective means of defence than the carrying of a stout cane or long riding-whip! And plumbing conditions still leave much to be desired.

I fully appreciate, of course, the difficulties facing the Greeks in their desire to promote a tourist industry, following not only the destruction caused during the last war, but also the civil wars which came after. Now, however, with the establishment of a stable Government, law and order have returned throughout the land, and the Greek National Tourist Organisation is developing plans for attracting foreign visitors. Main roads are being improved, modern hotels and rest-houses built, and "package" tours organised. As a result, tourists are certainly pouring in, but not all of them are satisfied. The trouble lies in the fact that the Tourist Organisation is more enthusiastic than experienced, and is trying to run before it can walk.

I give this brief warning, intended especially for those who are visiting Greece for the first time, so that they may be prepared for possible difficulties and inconveniences, and thus not be too exacting in their demands. I think, too, that care and consideration should be given to the planning of a tour, the more so in that to quite a number of people it must necessarily be their one and only opportunity of travelling in this classical land.

The first thing to decide is whether to book for a "package" tour or to settle in a selected locality in order to make it one's own. Many people will probably decide on a circular tour, even though it has its limitations and restricts the tourist to a rather hurried and brief glimpse of outstanding places. Anyhow, this matter is one of individual choice.

Although "package" tours are not always to be preferred in other European countries, I would recommend them in the case of Greece, for they help largely in overcoming difficulties of language, transportation and hotel accommodation—especially the last-named, for there are certain bottlenecks or a paucity of rooms, particularly in Athens. But for those who wish to travel independently, I offer the suggestion of hiring a drive-yourself jeep. This can be arranged through Dookas Bros. (the Austin distributors), Syngrov Avenue, Athens, whose charge is about 7½d. a kilometre, inclusive of petrol, insurance, etc. The cost of this scheme, shared between two or three persons, would be no more than using motor-bus and train services, and it would be far more convenient. Greece, too, is a splendid country for those who like to camp out. Incidentally, I do not advise the taking of one's own car to Greece, partly because of the cost. There is no great density of motor traffic on the roads, but Greek drivers are inclined to be reckless. Apart from certain main roads, the rest are frequently in poor condition.

Should you decide on a "package" tour, I would emphasise the importance of making your arrangements through a reliable travel agent specialising in Greek travel. Otherwise, you may well meet with disappointment. Here, then, are some of my recommendations:

GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANISATION, with various tours at very reasonable prices. You can get particulars from any good travel agent. Two of these tours I can personally recommend are (*a*) the Grand Archæological Tour (Daphni, Eleusis, Corinth, Mycene, Argos, Tiryns, Epidauros, Olympia, Delphi), which takes four full days, and (*b*) the Sea Cruise Tour (four days) around the Ægean, calling at Crete, Rhodes, Santorin, Delos, Mykonos, and one or two other islands. These two tours could be linked together, but take the land tour first, for it can be quite exhausting, especially in the hot weather, and a sea cruise to follow provides a welcome rest.

TYPALDOS BROS. (203, Regent Street, London, W.1), who maintain excellent shipping services between Venice and Brindisi to the Piræus and other Greek ports and islands, and to Istanbul. A cruise on these boats is a holiday in itself, for land excursions are provided at certain ports of call. This firm also have an attractive and reasonably-priced holiday camp at Xylokastron, near Corinth, which I visited and can recommend.

SWANS TOURS (8, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1) and FAIRWAYS AND SWINFORD LIMITED (Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1) organise Hellenic tours accompanied by specialist lecturers.

OCEANWAYS LIMITED (23, Haymarket, London, S.W.1), whose Greek director has an intimate knowledge of the country.

TRAVEL PLANNING LIMITED (10, Blacklands Terrace, London, S.W.3), whose small, intimate parties are accompanied personally by the managing director, Merlin Minshall.

GREEK TRAVEL BUREAU LIMITED (203, Regent Street, London, W.1), who cover almost every branch of Greek travel, and are especially useful for independent hotel bookings.

Should you decide to go to Greece independently, then it is absolutely essential, if you wish to stay in a comfortable hotel in Athens, to make a prior reservation. Rooms in the capital are sold out for months in advance. An alternative is to lodge in some hotel outside the capital: at Kifissia, ten miles out, high up and amidst pine-woods, or at Phaleron, by the sea. Both these places are linked with Athens by frequent bus services, Phaleron being the most conveniently placed. The Hotel Lido (second category) is pleasant, and it adjoins the British War Cemetery, the loveliest and most dramatically sited of resting-places for our war dead that I have yet encountered.

Elsewhere in Greece, on the mainland, there are comfortable modern hotels, Government-built but not Government-run, at Nauplia and Delphi. I like them both, while the latter provides a vista which is unexcelled in the world. There is a first-class hotel at Olympia; and there are pleasant rest-houses, belonging to the National Tourist Organisation, at Old Corinth, Mycene, Epidauros, etc. Owing to the constant influx of visitors on conducted tours, accommodation at the places I have named should be booked in advance—especially at Delphi.

On the islands, there is in Crete the new Candia Palace Hotel (second category) at Heraklion and a comfortable rest-house at Phaiston; at Rhodes, there is the luxury Hotel des Roses, a relic of the Italian occupation; another luxury hotel is the Corfu Palace, newly-built, at Corfu; at Mykonos there is the new Lito Hotel; and a first-class hotel will soon be opened at Santorin. Otherwise the accommodation available is of the inn type, invariably spotlessly clean, and even if the beds may be rather hard and the sanitation somewhat primitive, yet the friendliness of the people is compensation; and you are far more likely to mingle with the Greeks themselves than if you stay in a tourist hotel.

Some people will be perfectly content to lead a lotus life on one or other of the Greek islands. My own selection would include Egina, Poros, Ydra (especially delightful) and Spetsai, all off the eastern coast of the Peloponnesus and not far from the Piræus; Skyros and Skopelos in the Sporades; and Santorin, Paros and Mykonos in the Cyclades. The last-named island is close to Delos, where there are extensive and extremely interesting excavations. Patmos, an island of the Dodecanese and not far from Rhodes, is also rewarding. I think, however, that anyone contemplating a holiday on the Greek islands should first read *Ægean Greece*, by Robert Liddell (Jonathan Cape), which is well-written, comprehensive and informative.

The larger islands of Corfu and Rhodes attract a number of visitors, but they lack the intimacy of the smaller isles. Personally, I found Corfu rather grey, and Rhodes somewhat dull. Crete, however, I consider to be superb, especially for those with archæological interests. Its vast age alone makes it an island of legend, but it is no myth that at the dawn of time, as we humans reckon time, it had a flourishing and marvellous civilisation. A week or longer could be spent there most profitably. Heraklion could be the base, for Knossos is close by, while in the town itself there is a museum of outstanding and unique importance. Then, reached by local bus services, or, better still, by hired car, there are Phaiston—which some people prefer to Knossos, for it has not been restored and stands in a much finer position—Agia Triada, Mallia and Gournia, all with their fascinating Minoan remains. Should you wish to stay for a night or two outside Heraklion, you will find Cretan hospitality hard to resist: they are a delightful people.

In Heraklion there is a helpful Tourist-Police office, and at the Museum a couple of competent English-speaking guides. But you should certainly take with you a copy of *A Handbook to the Palace of Minos at Knossos*, by J. D. S. Pendlebury, a brilliant young archæologist who served under Sir Arthur Evans, and was, unfortunately, killed in Crete during the war. A new edition is to be shortly published by Max Parrish, and it will contain an entirely new introductory chapter started by Sir John Myres and finished after his death by Sir John Forsdyke.

My Grecian tour concluded with Macedonia, where I visited, rather arduously, the unique group of monastic communities on the peninsula of Mount Athos. There I saw a most curious way of life, priceless treasures of Byzantine art, and many rare books. But this quite exciting adventure cannot be told in a few words.

EMPHASISING THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN OF THE SECOND LARGEST OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS: A view of Cephalonia, where the highest peak, Mt. Ainos, rises to a height of 5,320 ft.

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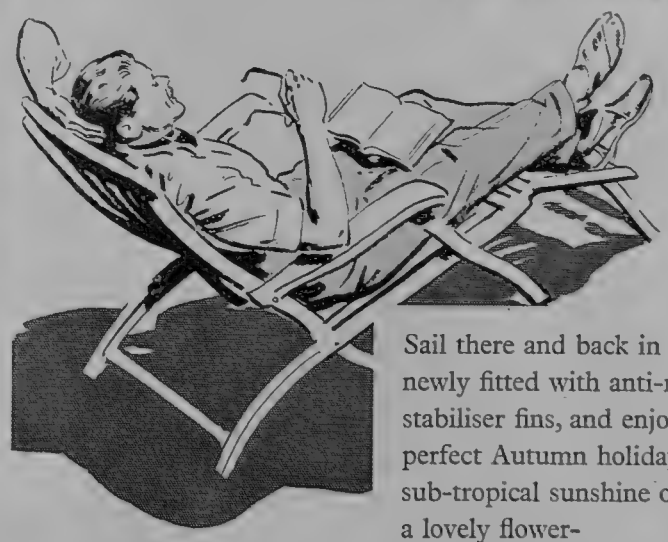

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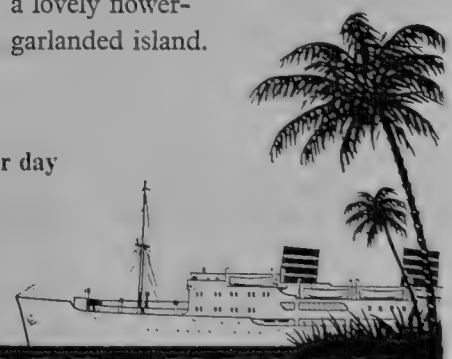

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FROM ENGINEER TO NOVELIST

Nevil Shute Writes About the First Forty Years of his Life; the Early Life of James Stephen; Books on Travel and Exploration; Memoirs, and Novels

ONE of the gifts of a born writer—by which I also mean a writer who works hard at cultivating his literary gift—is selectivity. This, of course, is a form of discipline, a recognised self-restraint which the better writers have in proportionate measure. When Mr. Nevil Shute writes of the first forty years of his life, therefore, it is reasonable that he should call his book the autobiography of an engineer, for although one may, equally reasonably, think of him as a popular novelist, it is a fact that his youth and early maturity were spent in aeronautics, as an engineer, a planner and a man of business. Nevil Shute fans may work out these references easily enough from his novels: this is the story of that first part of his life in which aeroplanes, and, indeed, airships, took first place in his interests and in his career.

SLIDE RULE (Heinemann. 18s.), for these reasons, is not the conventional writer's autobiography, and the fact that it is not adds, I find, to the writer's stature. He was born, nearly fifty-five years ago, Nevil Shute Norway, in Ealing, and only discarded the surname for the purposes of writing, so as not to embarrass the engineering firm for which he was then working on airships. "It seemed to me," he explains, "that Vickers would probably take a poor view of an employee who wrote novels on the side; hard-bitten professional engineers might well consider such a man not to be a serious person." However that might have been, this is the story of his flying life, of the construction of the R 100 and the tragic R 101, and their first and last flights, and of his later venture in aircraft construction. It is as readable as anything he has ever written, which is high praise, and it gives, besides, an absorbing picture of a man who, through many hazards, including physical and financial danger, and constant hard work, has always known where he was going.

James Stephen, the great-grandfather of Virginia Woolf, was not a man of letters but a Master in Chancery and an M.P., and his memoirs, which he intended as a full autobiography, were completed only for the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, up to his marriage in 1783, and, as his facsimile title-page shows, "written by himself for the use of his children." THE MEMOIRS OF JAMES STEPHEN (Hogarth Press. 30s.) may then be woefully incomplete, but they do succeed in giving an extremely vivid picture of a man who had a strong and, to our ears, uncomfortably articulate sense of religion, but who also referred with possibly admirable impartiality to his dear Nancy and his dear Maria, one of them being his wife and one the mother of an illegitimate child. Of more interest than the candour of these self-revelations, though, is Mr. Stephen's description of his work and travels, of his father's imprisonment for debt, of his own unhappy, brutalised schooldays, and of the moods of thought in the late eighteenth century.

THE INWARD JOURNEY (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is the story of two visits to Germany by an American traveller, Miss Doris Peel, one of them unsuccessful and one of them productive of emotional and deeply felt reactions, described with corresponding emotion in these pages. In Berlin, reached on her second attempt, Miss Peel's visit coincided with the Soviet World Youth Festival for Peace and this she determined to visit, although it was, naturally, held in the Eastern Zone. Brightly dressed and in a mood of confident audacity, she crossed the zonal line and demanded to see the Soviet Chief of Propaganda, whose second-in-command did, in fact, eventually receive her.

Miss Peel's account of the interview is effective, and so are her many reported conversations with German friends and new acquaintances.

The next three books are concerned with the physical and natural aspects of travel and exploration; birds, people, fish, flowers, blizzards, sun and animals. First, there is NUNAMIUT (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), translated from Helge Ingstad's original Norwegian by F. H. Lyon, and a fascinating record of a year spent among a diminishing tribe of Eskimos in the Alaskan interior. Besides the details of their way of life, their hunting methods, their folk tales and the exiguous records of their arts, the most interesting thing that emerges from this book is the author's real appreciation of the characters and individuality of the people themselves, who proved to be so friendly and so strongly differentiated in their types. The bars of music from their songs, the sketches of their traditional patterns and the photographs are all in the key of an unpretentious but impressive book.

WOMAN IN THE POLAR NIGHT (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is the story by Mrs. Christiane Ritter of how she left her very comfortable German home for a year on Spitzbergen with her husband, a Norwegian trapper. They lived in a hut, about 12 ft. by 6 ft., which was snowed in to the eaves through the long Polar night; hunted bears and seals, made friends with birds and foxes, and found that the solitude brought with it not only a new appreciation of nature, but a new dimension of time. Mrs. Ritter, whose work has been translated by Jane Degras, writes with a sensitive simplicity, and has illustrated the book with her own photographs and drawings.

A COVENANTER'S CASTLE CHANGES HANDS: Killochan Castle, Girvan, Ayrshire, which has been bought from Mrs. Jean Heneage, widow of George Cathgart Walker Heneage, by Major D. R. Sommerville, of Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. The home of Cathgarts of Carleton for 500 years, it has a prominent place in the history of Covenanting days. The only part of the 56-acre estate not for sale was the churchyard, where the Cathgart family vault is situated and where Covenanter martyrs are buried.

Mr. Edwin Way Teale is an American naturalist who carried out the fascinating project of travelling up the eastern side of the United States, through March, April and May and June, and following the spring as it showed through fledgling birds and budding trees, from the southern part of Florida to Maine. With all the loops and detours of his journey he covered 17,000 miles, and the record of his fascinating trip is in his book, NORTH WITH THE SPRING (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), which I predict will be as popular with armchair travellers as it deserves to be with his fellow scientists.

I PLAY AS I PLEASE (MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.) is a book of memoirs by young Mr. Humphrey Lyttleton, accurately described on its cover as an Old Etonian trumpeter. It is full of vitality, good stories and information, but for all its agreeably nonchalant air is, in fact, the story of someone who determined, from his earliest remembered years, to be a musician in general, and later, a trumpeter in particular. His antecedents showed no definite traces of such a bent, but that was not a state of affairs to deter him, and to-day he is the leader of his own band, a distinguished position to which he has come *via* Eton, the Guards, Camberwell Art School, free-lance jazz playing and a session as a cartoonist in Fleet Street. I enjoyed every minute of this lively book (though no more trumpet-conscious than the next man), and think that you may, too.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF E. V. LUCAS (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) recall the wit and charm and inimitable touch of one who, in conversation as in writing, was a favourite companion; a master of urbanity who has been called "a sophisticated Elia." E. V. died just before the war, and his friends will always miss him, as an even wider circle miss his essays, his anthologies and criticism, so that the present book, collected and arranged by Mr. H. N. Wethered, is more than welcome.

THE MAGIC LANTERN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), the first of this week's novels, comes from America and is a saga of the motion picture industry there in the past forty-odd years. The story—which is partly a history of the growth of movies—is told through the personal fortunes of a father and son, the father clever, unscrupulous, concentrated on his success, the son decent, affectionate, often resentful even of his own rise in the strange world of Hollywood. Mr. Robert Carson, who knows that world himself, has written carefully and candidly, though at perhaps too great a length, and has produced a solid, likeable novel which, movies or no movies, is mainly about human relationships.

As the author of *Tales of the South Pacific*, it may be argued that Mr. James A. Michener knows that immense part of the world something more than superficially. His new novel, SAYONARA (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), is set in Japan and deals with one of the inevitable problems that arise from the quartering of soldiers in a foreign country. A pilot, on leave from Korea, is asked by his chaplain to help prevent a marriage between one of the aircraftsmen and a Japanese girl, but before he can influence either of them, the flying ace himself falls in love with a pretty Japanese woman, and she with him. The treatment of the plot is not particularly subtle, but the author makes his point, and makes it forcefully enough.

The crime ration this week is a really generous one, with books and short stories from four major writers in this *genre*. First, there is Miss Patricia Wentworth's LADIES' BANE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), a further adventure of the quick-knitting, quicker-deducing, ultra-respectable Miss Silver, who combines the proper authority of a governess with a sharp eye for guilty parties. THE LYING VOICES (Crime Club. 9s. 6d.) shows Miss Elizabeth Ferrars in good, if not top form, and some very convincing characterisation to give body to a slightly elaborate plot. Mr. Delano Ames writes once more about that engaging couple, Jane and Dagobert Brown, in CRIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), and if you don't already know these amusing amateur sleuths, this book could be an excellent introduction. THE THIRD BULLET (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of one long and six shorter stories by that master of the Closed Room technique, Mr. John Dickson Carr, and is highly to be recommended.

RUSSIA BETRAYED

One Man's View of the Revolution

Recently a German General, and an expert on rocket problems, at Peenemunde, told us in his autobiography about the departmental chaos of Germany at war. It was a most revealing piece of research. Now another worker in the same field, Colonel Tokaev, who has escaped to the West from Eastern Germany, where he held the post of Marshal Zhukov's Scientific Deputy and Plenipotentiary of the Soviet Government and Politbureau for Aviation, Jet and Rocket problems, tells us about the chaos of modern Russia. His book, BETRAYAL OF AN IDEAL (Harvill Press. 21s.), is proclaimed as the first volume of his autobiography. He begins by describing his own boyish enthusiasm for the ideal of liberating revolution, and he presents a most vivid picture of Russia in the throes of that revolution. As a party member and a member of the officer corps, Colonel Tokaev saw much that went on, he sensed a great deal more, most notably the meaning and power of Moscow in the Soviet world—the city he calls the third Rome, one that has lately changed physically at a pace unthinkable in other lands. Colonel Tokaev clearly believes that human society can be built only on the human individual and the family. "Man, be thyself," was Rousseau's directive, and in that liberal spirit this very fluent writer examines the shortcomings of the mechanistic utilitarian society. He gives it short shrift, indeed.

The story of the conquest of Everest, like the story of Scott's last expedition to the South Pole, is likely to have a time-defying quality about it. We are always ready to hear more of such adventures from those who participated in them. Of the many unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit of Everest the most glorious failure was that of the Swiss Expedition in 1952, and when, in 1953, the members of that unlucky band telegraphed to Sir John Hunt their congratulations on the successful British ascent, he replied "*A vous autres une bonne moitie de la gloire.*" It was a very proper tribute, and we can see just why this was so in FORERUNNERS TO EVEREST (Allen and Unwin. 15s.). Here, René Dittert, Gabriel Chevalley, and Raymond Lambert describe how they explored the whole southern approach to the mountain, penetrated the massive ice fall, set foot for the first time in the Western Cwm, scaled the ice rampart of the South Col, and were finally halted only a few hundred feet from the south summit, and not far from the topmost peak. Only bad weather and faulty oxygen supply forced Lambert and Tensing to turn back on the final assault, but what they had seen and learnt that day clearly paved the way for what Hillary and Tensing achieved a year later on the eve of the Coronation. Not content with the very considerable results of this spring attempt, a second Swiss party marched against Everest later in the year 1952, after the monsoon. How they laboured in the wild winds and extreme temperatures of October to December, beset not only by bad weather, but by bad luck, is told for the most part in the journal of Gabriel Chevalley who, like Mallory in earlier days, is moved almost to poetic heights by the majesty of Everest.

Do we need visual aids to read the Bible? The first reaction to such a suggestion may well be a clear-cut "No," and most of us have memories of the story picture Bibles of earlier days, pictures neither very well drawn nor, for that matter, well coloured. To commemorate their third jubilee, the British and Foreign Bible Society has produced a very wonderful edition of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures. Hundreds of small and neat drawings, by Horace Knowles, have been fitted into the text, it seems, just at the places where help seems to be needed. The ordinary price is 7s. 6d., and the special jubilee edition is 15s.

Free diving, in which the diver carries his own breathing apparatus, operating independently of the surface, has opened up a new world of research. In 4,000 YEARS UNDER THE SEA (Sidgwick and Jackson. 18s.), Phillipe Diolé describes his work in undersea archæology, a detailed account of a number of remarkable searches and surveys in the Mediterranean. Even in this second book, a sequel to *The Undersea Adventure*, the author cannot resist describing his vivid sense of delight when exploring beneath the waves. After thousands of years of fear and effort, Man has at last found it possible to explore independently beneath the top layer of the sea, winning a long battle against asphyxia and terror. Phillipe Diolé gives us the impression that he is only on the threshold of some of his greatest adventures.

Clarence Ellis calls his book THE PEBBLES ON THE BEACH (Faber. 12s. 6d.). He tells us how the beach came into existence, how wave action is constantly changing its form and nature, where the pebbles come from and where they are going. The author describes some of the more important stretches of shingle on the coastline of Britain, and takes the reader on a tour of the coast from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Solway Firth.

Charles Elwell's CORSICAN EXCURSION (Bodley Head. 15s.) is a gloomy account of what seems to be a peculiarly gloomy island, in part culled from the author's own experiences and in part from the annals of earlier visitors. The drawings of Edward Lear, the great Victorian humorist, do little to relieve the gloom.

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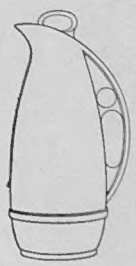

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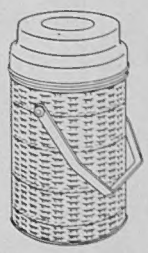

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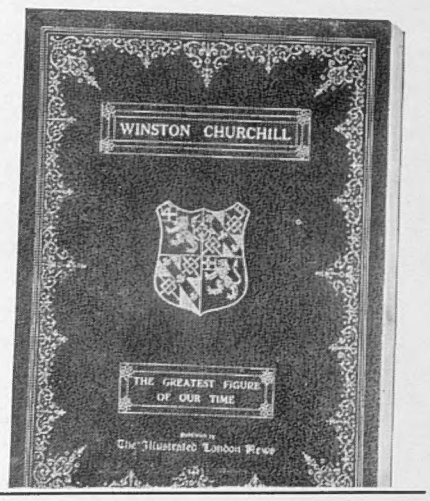

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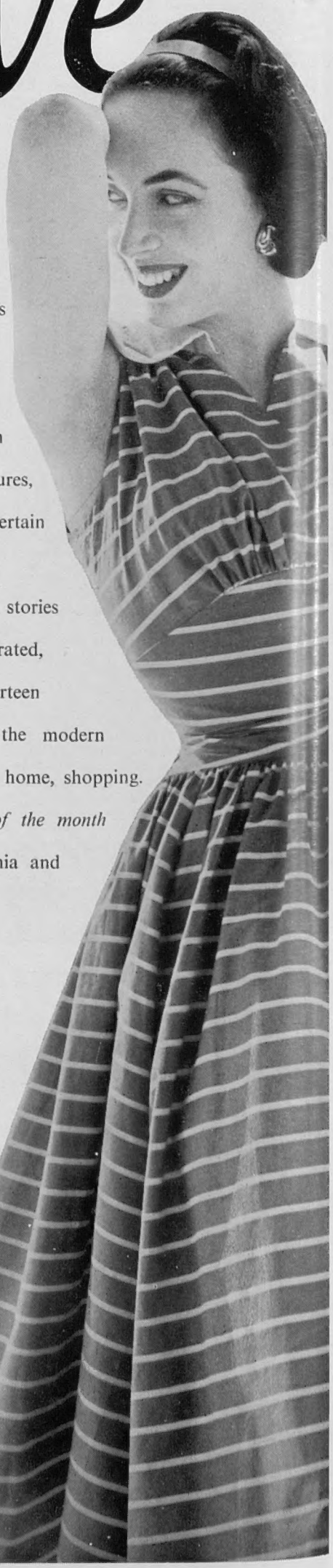

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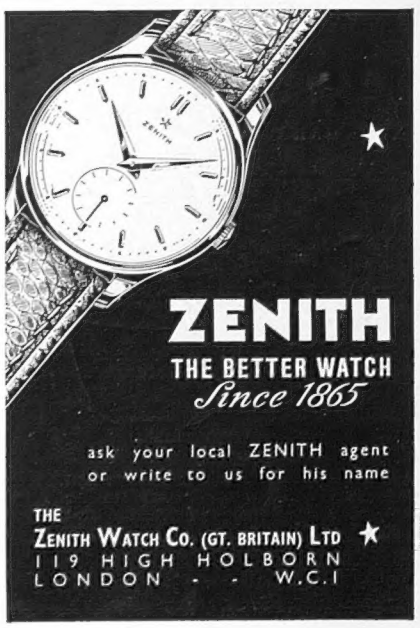

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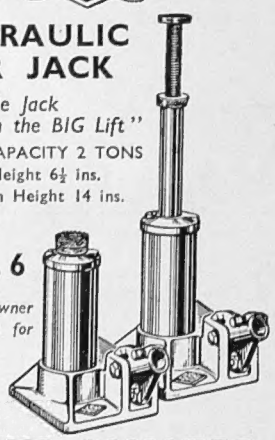

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

STANDARDS of catering in our hotels and restaurants are on the up-grade—there is no question about it. Accompanied by two overseas visitors from the U.S.A., I have recently returned from a tour, with Wales as the main objective. More than once they remarked: "How can they put on such a good meal at such a moderate price?

Those who delight in belittling our catering standards overlook the fact that the French *patron*, for example, has no full breakfasts to cook, no afternoon teas to prepare and serve, and has no Catering Wages Act to compete with. One has to adjust one's modes according to the country one is in, and I have no patience with people who expect British hoteliers and restaurateurs to keep their kitchens ever open.

My American friends will now be on their way back to New York, but will be happy to be reminded of the following experiences . . . that traditional English dish Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding, cooked and served to perfection at The Lambert Arms, Aston Rowant, on the High Wycombe—Oxford Road. The fillet steak which cut like butter at the Hotel Commodore, Llandrindod Wells. Nor will they forget the agility of Mr. J. F. Ritchie, who, seventy-four years of age, prepared—and served in our bedrooms—Continental breakfasts with fresh fruit, honey and marmalade, at 7.30 a.m.

Memories, too, will remain sweet for many a day of the locally caught salmon, and the Stilton cheese we enjoyed at Llwyngwair, Newport, Pembrokeshire . . . and what a treasure of a cook the happily-positioned Porth Tocyn Hotel at Abersoch must have. We all commented on the melting excellence of her pastry. We have also to thank Mr. G. W. Hall, at Bontddu Hall Hotel, near Dolgelley, for that wonderful bottle of Chambertin—served at exactly the right temperature.

Footnote: As evidence that our experiences were not singular, the British team competing at the International Culinary Exhibition in Switzerland swept the prize board with twenty nations pitted against them. The whole of the team were chefs of British nationality, and among the British dishes served were . . . cock-a-leekie soup, Scotch salmon and cucumber, grilled lamb cutlets with new potatoes, apple-pie and cream, and a selection of famous British cheeses, including Caerphilly, blue Cheshire, Stilton and Cheddar.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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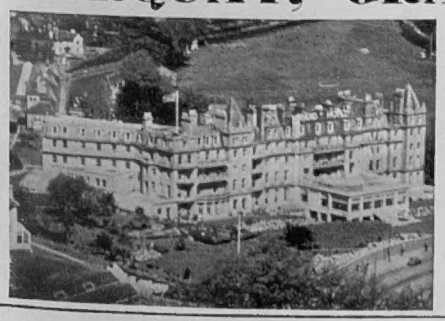

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